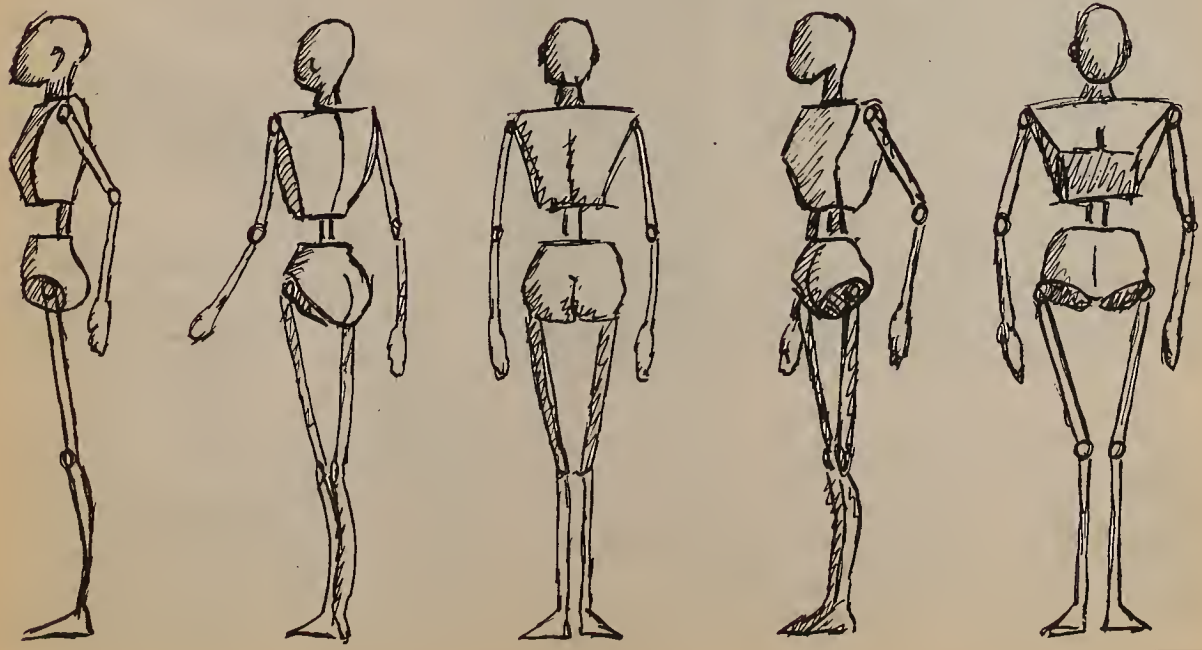
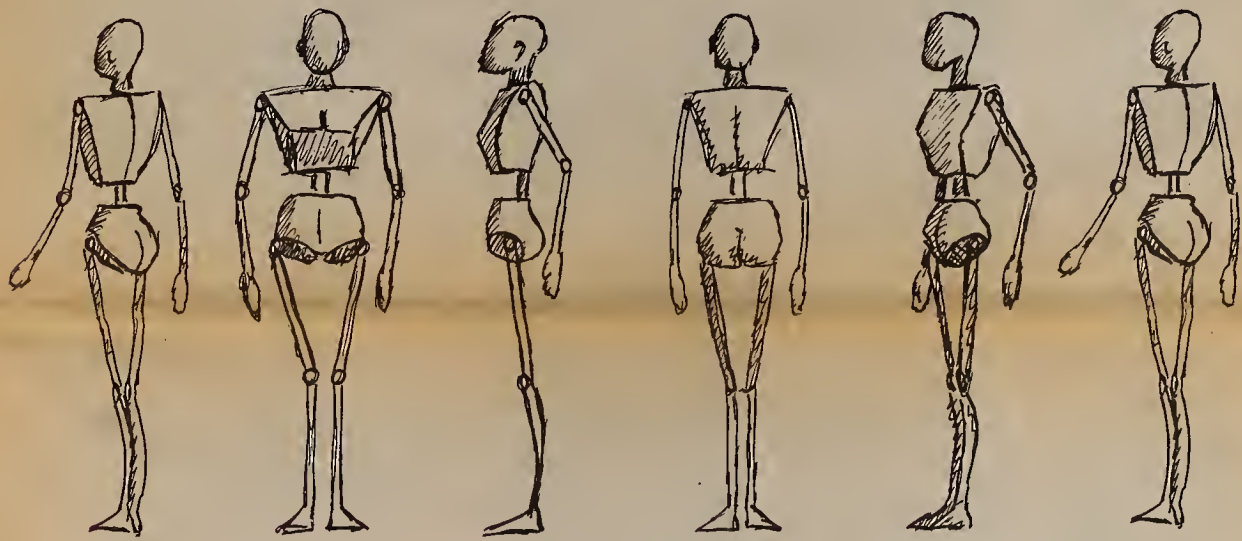


erald The Innis Herald The Innis Her





The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1S5.



"I'm not sure what I want, but that's not the point -- it's that I want it now."

-Elvis Costello

A Theoretical Look at the University

There are a few things that I have been thinking about since school began this year, and I'd like to share them with you. One of them has to do with the kinds of courses that are offered (and not offered) at this university. My knowledge is basically limited to arts courses, and especially English Lit, as that is my specialist. But I think that there can be parallels drawn into other areas of study, such as history, anthropology, philosophy, etc.

Last year I took a course called "Theory and Criticism of Literature". Sounds pretty exciting, eh? Well, it would if you felt you were stuck in the quagmire of your basic English programme, as I did. The English department, although historically sound and well established, is, unfortunately, historically sound and well established. How many "ism" courses can one person take (Romanticism, Realism, Modernism etc...)? I understand that these categories only exist for the convenience of historical placement, but there comes a time in every young (but rapidly aging) student's life when she wants to move beyond or away from compartmentalized notions of literature and on to other not so neatly stacked boxes. If you put a stick of dynamite under those boxes and blasted away, you would get something that more resembled (in a metaphorical way) what I found in the Theory course.

I took the course out of personal interest and because I needed something that the English dept would approve of and that would be useful for Grad school. I bought it, and it turned out to be a real bargain. For the price of admission you read a lot of stuff that doesn't fully make sense, but that makes enough sense to make you lose the sense that you had of things before you walked into the class. It's not like it was a religious experience or anything, but it was interesting to consider the role of theory -- all theory (philosophical, anthropological, historical), not just literary -- in my chosen area of specialization. For example, every English professor (and probably all the other ones as well) comes from or has been influenced by some school of criticism or theory. Wouldn't it be nice to know where, intellectually speaking, they all come from? We should be able to get some sort of critical background bio of the professors before we pay the big money for a course. Wouldn't that be more useful than the Anti-Calendar? Personally, I'd like to know where my profs were educated, which book as an undergrad they adored and carried around everywhere, who they idolized and wished they were, and

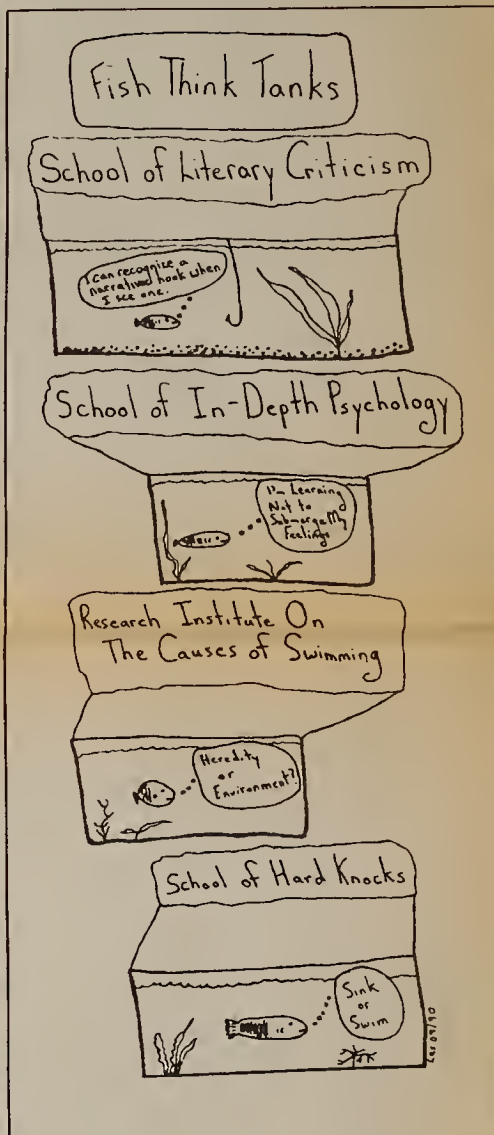
what they regularly watched on TV. Most English professors that I've had have been more or less influenced by New Criticism, a formalist kind of approach. This is not bad. But it would be nice to know exactly what they and others are doing to literature while they are doing it (ie., teaching), since there are so many different paths.

This seems like a reasonable request to me. But some people -- some of them even professors -- strongly resist the idea that they "come from" anywhere particular at all. I had a run-in with an advisor for the Graduate programme in English in this university, who very clearly looked down on my interest in non-traditional English texts (such as those of theorists, and also what some fancy-pants types call "meta-critics", critics who discuss the works of other critics rather than "real" English texts). I asked this person's opinion on my taking a fourth-year seminar follow-up course in theory, to which she somewhat contemptuously replied, "Well, I suppose if you want to be *chic* you could take it." I had never really thought of it as a fashion statement before. I glared at her and somewhat confrontationally declared that I wasn't looking to be fashionable, I was looking to be educated. I fantasized that I had put her in her place, but I really hadn't put her anywhere at all. She began to give me a mini-lecture on how some poor students become just infatuated with the stuff and join, at least in spirit, with one "school" or another. So what?, I thought. Anyway, I haven't got a crush on any group in particular, although I admire quite a few of the theorists that I've read. This woman was clearly threatened by this area of study (with the potential displacement of traditional English texts), and did her best to dissuade me from pursuing the fourth year course. Of course, being the rebellious infant that I am, I determined at that moment that I would take the course, with or hopefully without her blessing. See what happens when people attempt to suppress certain subjects? I have noticed that this year's theory courses are far more crowded than they were last year.

So what is my point? My point is that there are people out there who are not really thrilled with this whole theory "movement", whether it be in English, History or whatever. This same resistance is probably occurring in your area of study, whatever that may be. I understand that most academics want their little world to be stable and remain unchanged so that they can remain at the top (or at

least in the middle), counting on their seniority rather than improving flexibility or ability. I'm not saying that the "old" folks are bad/stupid and the "new" ones good/smart, but I do think that the status quo could use a little shake. I've had enough professors who seem to have gone to school with the 19C authors that they teach in class (I'm talking about attitude here, not age). The so-called "new" approach to teaching Lit is competitive and contemporary. It doesn't throw out old models of understanding Lit, it just re-thinks them, and questions certain assumptions. It is true that there is a lot of work involved for a professor in following philosophical and theoretical debates and actually having the time to read what others are publishing regularly, but it pays off, for both professor and student. I hope that by the time I grow up the disdainful eyebrow that seems to be the reaction of the old to the new is relaxed. Surely there's room for more than one approach to literature in this university.

The other topic that has been occupying my thoughts lately is that of the relationship between various newspapers on this campus. While I think a little competition and a little animosity is okay (and I like following the "feud" between the newspaper and the Varsity, although it seems to me that the newspaper is winning that one), I don't like the idea of having really bad feeling between papers. The Varsity thinks we at the Herald hate them (or so I've heard), and it's just not true. What's to hate? Why bother drumming up all that negative emotion in the name of some rag? Others go on and on about how close-minded the mike is, how pathetic the New Edition is, etc. I don't understand what all the fuss is about. Each paper thinks they are the best on campus and probably none is right. The letter to the editor in this edition of the Herald is a case in point. Why does the author have such a big poker up his ass? If he doesn't like our paper, why doesn't he just not read it? I've never understood the impulse behind hate mail -- all that energy sucked into a vortex of negativity and lost forever. Constructive criticism is one thing, but extended shit metaphors are boring. While I do not propose that we all live together in peace and harmony (light candles and join hands), I do suggest we get a little perspective on things. And Tim Long, I do enjoy your articles; my letter was designed to correct one error, not censor all your work. You're probably the only writer from the Varsity that I read all the way through.



The Innis Herald

October, 1990; Volume 25; Issue 2

The paper that's all bite and no bark.

Editor: Karen Sumner

Arts Editor: Steve Gravestock
Random Thoughts Editor: Mole
Environmental Editor: Jackie Gilhooley
UTEC Rep: Brian Roche
Best Boy: Enzo Palerma

Contributors:

Trevor Balla Blitz Laura Chapin
Linda Dorian Sean Fisher Sarah Forbes
Jenny Friedland Nancy Friedland Shehna Jabbar
Loretta Johnson Mole Brian Morgante Robert Pyne
Brian Roche Steve Schump Joey Schwartz
Jim Shedden Wet Lounge

Illustrations:

Kate McKay Brian Pochlman
David Sumner Lesley Turner

Write For The Herald!

I did, and I've never regretted it.
The Herald welcomes your submissions too.
Look for the next deadline,
and remember:
We want your words!



RANDOM THOUGHTS

Which Orifice do you Prefer?

Mole

"Foutredieu, tu veut de mon cul, j'ai envie de chier?"
- Marquis de Sade

The Varsity's in shit again. Apparently there's some article in their student handbook that's offending people. I picked up a copy of the paper and read some letters complaining about it. One was from St. Mike's and another was from a fourth year "Christian girl" who was glad to be leaving U of T because of the sexual perversion that is so obviously inherent at our fine institution.

I picked up the handbook after my literature class and brought it home, hoping that it would inspire my base sexual desires and titillate my sick imagination.

It didn't. I was very disappointed. However, it was obvious what offended these people. It was SEX.

The offensive article was about AIDS prevention. Instead of using cold, technical terms it used the "vulgar" alternatives. Examples: fucking, cum. In fact, these are the only vulgar words. Anus, penis and vagina are used to describe body parts. I might have been shocked if these words were replaced by (respectively) asshole, cock, cunt. As the article stands, it's not exactly Penthouse material.

What offends these people, as far as I can see, are the sexual acts themselves. St. Mike's, as most students know, is a Catholic college which adheres to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus, any sex before marriage is sinful. The language is probably not so offensive to them as their idea that the article promotes sexual activity outside of marriage.

Terence Maloney, editor of the mike, has written an editorial explaining this. He also points out the "bizarre sexual acts" (the mike, Wed. Sept. 19, P # 4) depicted in the handbook article. What the hell is so bizarre about finger fucking (sorry, finger intercourse) and oral sex? Gee, Terence, I seem to remember all the nice things you used to yell at the TV during our film nights whenever a woman appeared on the screen. Everyone on the second floor of Elmsley Hall who

attended the film nights probably remembers too. Do you remember, Terence?

In reality, it is sex that offends the good Catholics at St. Mike's. After all, didn't Mr. Maloney declare in his editorial that the handbook "...fails to so much as mention abstinence as being an effective means (indeed it is the most effective) of preventing all sexually transmitted diseases, including AIDS." Very good, Terence. Anyone can figure that out, including any Catholic/Christian who has read the handbook. What you're doing, Terence o' buddy, is pushing the stance of the Catholic Church instead of forwarding your own opinion. The mike is a puppet paper of the Church and has no independent editorial stance.

I hear that the SAC kits for St. Mike's have been de-condomized. This is in keeping with the Roman Catholic nature of the college. Does this mean that St. Mike's students don't use them? I doubt it. They probably sneak out at midnight to the drugstore to buy them.

Jim Desroches, a contributor to the mike and a St. Mike's student gave me his personal view, and quite possibly the view of many St. Mike's students, on the condom issue.

"If it is true that a true Catholic shouldn't use condoms then a Catholic who isn't a hypocrite wouldn't use them even if they were taped to his or her forehead. It isn't and never was SMSCU's responsibility to make decisions on our behalf and supposedly for our benefit. Adults should be able to do that for themselves."

As a rebuke, Paul Kapsos, another SMC student and floor president of Elmsley Hall who admittedly uses condoms, gave me the following statement:

"SMSCU's responsibility as it sees it, is to represent its electorate which is predominantly Catholic. Governments are elected by people, but after that it is up to the elected to govern as they see fit. If their actions do not conform to the mandate on which they were elected, action is needed. If SMC students don't like this, their recourse is in

correspondence with their representatives and, more importantly, through the electoral process."

As I see it, Dear Readers, lots of St. Mike's students wouldn't mind too much if they found a condom in their SAC kits. In any case, even if the majority of students wouldn't mind condoms in their kits, their opinion wouldn't matter much. The Church would never allow condoms in its college, even if the majority of students wanted them. "It goes beyond simply a health issue at St. Mike's. It's a question of morals and principles as well" according to Steve Monte, last year's SMSCU president. That is the opinion of the Roman Catholic Church being mouthed by the SMSCU to look good for the Archbishop of Toronto.

So, condoms are out of the question at St. Mike's. Is no one going to tell the Pope about Paul and Jim? Why aren't they standing up as true pillars of Catholicism and singing "Faith of Our Fathers"? Excommunication can't be far away.

Enough St. Mike's bashing for now. Thank goodness I switched to Innis, a completely Godless college. Hellfire awaits me, I suppose. Oh well.

Someone has been writing lovely Christian messages on TTC shelters lately. One of the ads that was scribbled on was the "Pill is Not Enough" ad. "Hell is very hot!" exclaimed the writing. A Cotton Ginny ad was defaced by, "They kill babies don't they?"

What does Cotton Ginny have to do with baby killing? Is this a subtle bit of Pro-Life rhetoric? Why pick on an innocent Cotton Ginny ad?

It didn't stop there. Dearest Readers, you have probably seen the "Queers are Here" posters. Some have been ripped down. Some have not been ripped down. Some have been scribbled on, and by God, I recognize those scribbles! "Hell is very hot!" popped up again. On a more original note, one had "Stop Sodomy! Stop Sodomy!" written on it.

Come now, my good Christian scribbler! What an intolerant statement. Why do you want to stop people from indulging in anal sex? Do you have the right to stop them?

Again, someone has something against sex. That something is a two thousand year old book of outdated sexual morals. Dearest Christian friends, feel free to abstain from sexual activity, but don't tell us what we can or cannot do in our bedrooms.

The Queer posters have some people upset. I overheard this undergrad at Robert's say that it encourages people to become homosexual. This couldn't be further from the truth. The Queer posters are on campus to say something: Homosexuals exist, so get used to it. This is not encouraging people to sodomize each other, it is encouraging homosexuals to not feel alone on campus. So what's yer problem? Actually, I know what the problem is. Just ask the Archbishop of Toronto, the Campus Crusade for Christ, The Campus Branch, The Interim, etc., etc., etc. They will give you every Bible quote necessary to back up their views on rubbers, pre-marital sex and homos.

Please, Dear Christians, you have no right to deprive people of rubbers and no right to tell them which orifice can be penetrated and when it can be penetrated. Get yer nose out of our bedrooms.

On that happy note, goodnight from Mole and may your God go with you.



Mild Confusion

Wet Lounge

Why so many cops?
Who are all those old people?
Why is Roberts so spacey?
Where can you go roll a joint in this place?

Yes, I am a Frosh, and I'm mildly confused -- if I bother to think about what's going on apart from the inescapable nuisance of classes and all those bloody Innis squirrels (who are taking over!).

So what's the deal with all these cops? The university even has its own force. Be realistic. This isn't Paris or even Beijing. This is Canada, where the average citizen considers a parking ticket a summary offence.

More importantly, what the hell is going on around here? I just walked into Innis, and after a bit of rowdy applause from the Town Hall all these "older" people swarmed out and into every inch of the building. "Older", because, as the almighty George Burns once said, "you can get older, but you don't have to get

old". Yet that still doesn't explain who all these people are. Ex-pub drinking, narcotic-taking, exam-cramming, marsupial-mating, Innis grads? Then again, as I'm writing this, they are all leaving, so I won't worry about it any longer.

On to my next inquiry. Why is the "Boys and Girls House" Toronto Public Library (located on this campus near the Bookstore) called the "Spaced-out Library", when the people who built Roberts were obviously in league with the space-chariot-riding gods who built Stonehenge and the Pyramids (and William Shatner's hair piece)? Have you ever seen Roberts at night, all lit up and with no-one around? It's like something out of a Stanley Kubrick/Gene Roddenberry film. Especially when you're --

Actually, that has to do with my last question. But due to my current status with the afore-mentioned authoritarian force and, moreover, since I've already had my question answered since I started writing this, I am unable to continue. Only one hint: Mars Hotel.

Letter(s)

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of racist, racist, sexist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody.

(As indicated above, it is not the Herald's policy to print letters which contain nothing but "plain dumb content", having enough respect for ourselves and our readers not to offer a forum for totally asinine contributions (those on the border of asinine, as I often am, are heartily welcome). We have, however, decided to make an exception with the following letter, if only to present an object lesson as to what you may occasionally be missing. -- Ed. & Co.)

Anal Fixation?

Dear Editor:

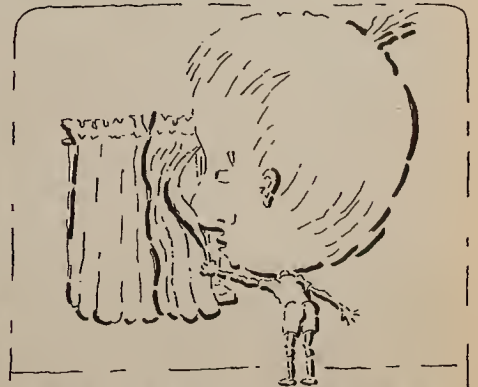
I loved the August 1990 edition of the Innis Herald. I enjoyed so much it [sic] because it was so short. You see, I have a budgie named Tony. Tony is yellow and blue. When I put rye in his water dish he develops bright red highlights, until the next morning, when he is entirely green. Tony and I are very much alike in many ways. Anyways [sic], I use the Herald for

Tony to shit on. He seems to enjoy it very much and particularly likes the letters from the editor. Unfortunately, there is only so much shit that little Tony can produce. In the past I have had to go to great lengths of shuffling the pages around and carefully folding them to ensure that there was shit on the entire Herald. Sometimes the Herald contained so many pages that Tony couldn't possibly meet the demand. In those cases I had to help him out. As you can see, I don't mind shitting on the Herald, but balancing on the little trapeze inside the cage pisses me off, and Tony gets none too pleased either. So the August issue, being a simple eight pages on only 2 pieces of paper, was a delight for both of us. Our thanks are extended to the authors and we hope that you keep up the good work.

Richard Stirling Robinson
and Tony

P.S. Tony has developed a very critical eye regarding journalistic style and final product quality. If the Herald staff would like, I would be happy to drop off a copy of the Herald that Tony has edited so you can use his suggestions.

Miaow! That's the catiest thing I ever heard from a bird. But I am sorry to inform you, Dick, that we at the Herald are clearly as little interested in your shit (as copious as it obviously is) as you are in ours.



HE DIDN'T LIKE PLAYING WITH THE OTHER KIDS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD BECAUSE HE ALWAYS FELT A LITTLE SELF CONSCIOUS OF HIS BIG HEAD.

Amnesty Update: An International Voice

Laura Chapin

"John Brogden, executed by electrocution... on 30 July for the rape and murder of a child, has been diagnosed as mentally retarded, with a mental age of 10."

"A 13 year old boy, who had been denied access to a lawyer and his family, was interrogated for a total of 15 hours, most of the time permitted to wear only his underwear."

On reading about human rights violations such as these we often seem to make several assumptions: One, that this sort of abuse could not occur within (or even near) our borders; and two, that such human mis-treatment tends not to occur within countries that advocate a political system similar to our own. Nevertheless, if the work of Amnesty International is to teach us one thing, it is that the violation of human rights knows no geographical or political boundaries, as illustrated by these two cases that were reported by Amnesty from the United States and the United Kingdom, respectively.

The coming year marks the thirtieth anniversary of Amnesty International, an organization initiated through a newspaper article written by British lawyer Peter Benenson, which asked for volunteers to band together to work for the international protection of human rights. Since 1961, Amnesty International has advocated a mandate which is free from affiliation with any particular government, political group, religious creed, ideology or

economic interest, in that it seeks:

- * the release of people detained anywhere for their beliefs, colour, sex, ethnic origin, language or religion, provided that they have not used or advocated violence (referred to as "prisoners of conscience");

- * fair and prompt trials for all political prisoners and works on behalf of such people detained without charge or trial;

- * the abolition of the death penalty and torture or other cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment of all prisoners.

Using the Universal Declaration of Human Rights as a guide, Amnesty International volunteers write letters to the government officials of other countries following the discovery of a suggestion of the violation of a citizen's inalienable rights within that country. In these letters, Amnesty International volunteers appeal that these rights be protected, whether they be the right to freedom or the right to fair treatment within the judicial system. Letters are often concluded with a request that there be some form of investigation into the human rights infraction that has been reported.

It is felt that this form of international attention can improve the treatment of a prisoner, anywhere from instigating better living conditions, to seeing that a fair trial be given, to achieving an unconditional release of a prisoner. Although Amnesty International does not take credit directly for these releases due to other factors that might have played a greater role in

this type of outcome, some form of positive effect has been illustrated through the organization's work on prisoners' cases. One example of positive influence are the words of thanks from a former prisoner helped by Amnesty: "Faith in your efforts and concern sustained me throughout the horrible period of my imprisonment. Without hope I think I would have died."

Today, there are approximately 4000 local Amnesty groups worldwide, with the University of Toronto's Group 83 being one of these chapters. There are a variety of ways of becoming involved with the group on campus should you be interested. Several colleges have weekly letter-writing groups (Victoria, Trinity, St Mike's and Regis), as does the main office which is located in room 210 of Innis College. Anyone wanting to become a member can drop by the office or phone (978-7434) to find out more information concerning the times that these groups meet. Also feel free to ask for details concerning involvement in other special focus groups offered by Amnesty on campus; there are a number of Regional Action Networks focussing on human rights violations specifically in Eastern Europe, Latin America, Middle East and Asia; there is the committee that works for the abolition of the death penalty; also there is Refugee casework and release work for Prisoner of Conscience.

Get involved with Amnesty International. Break the silence.



ICSS Bulletin

Sarah Forbes

Politics:

October 1st -- ICSS meeting.
5 p.m. in the Cold Room (behind the pub).

Additional meetings concerning this year's budget for the ICSS will be held during the second and third weeks of October. The dates and times of these meetings will be decided during the October 1st meeting.

After the first three meetings, the ICSS will meet bi-weekly. Date and time will be announced on the ICSS bulletin board.

All Innis College students are welcome at any of the aforementioned meetings.

Athletics:

Men's Rugby:

Oct 9 -- U.C. vs. Innis/Meds
4 p.m. Back campus west.
Oct 16 -- SMC vs. Innis/Meds
4 p.m. Back campus west.
Oct 26 -- Pharmacy vs. Innis/Meds
4 p.m. Back campus west.

Co-Ed Volley Ball:

Oct 4 -- Innis vs. UC
9 p.m. Sports Gym 2
-- Innis vs. Meds 4
9:40 p.m. Sports Gym 1
-- Innis vs. Woodsworth
10:25 p.m. Sports Gym 1
Oct 15 -- Pharm 1 vs. Innis
9:05 p.m. Sports Gym 1
-- Meds 1 vs. Innis
9:35 p.m. Sports Gym 2
-- Young Guns vs. Innis
10:35 p.m. Sports Gym 2

Women's Flag Football:

Oct 4 -- Innis vs. Pharm Vita Women
7:20 a.m. Back campus east
Oct 12 -- Innis vs. Trinity Smashers
8:00 a.m. Back campus east
Oct 25 -- Innis vs. Eng/Nursing
8 a.m. Back campus east

Athletics still to be signed up for:
Men's leagues: squash, volleyball, water polo, basketball.

Men's tournaments: badminton, racketball, x-country skiing, alpine skiing, swimming, tennis, track and field.

Women's sports: volleyball, ice hockey, badminton doubles.

Co-ed sports: badminton (mixed doubles), curling (mixed bonspiel), water polo, softball tournament, tennis (mixed doubles), basketball.

If you would like to play on any of these teams, please see an ICSS rep for further information.

Xenephon and Og

David Morris

X: Hello, and welcome back.

O: That is to say, we welcome you back, but we certainly don't feel welcome here and really don't even want to be here.

X: We've been on vacation you see.
O: So we're just terribly awfully wonderfully delighted by this silly question that we found lying on our desk: "How many inches does she want?"

X: Now obviously the trick to answering this question is one of interpretation. Our immediate response was sixteen, because around here "inches" mean column inches of print in this rag, and that's how many inches she, the editor, needs.

O: But on the other hand, given the maximum profundity maxim...

X: Basically, that no matter how stupid or irrelevant the question is, make it sound as profound as possible or lose your job...

O: Some thing more had to be meant by the question. But note that we already demonstrated the problem of context, which clearly brings up the problem of species.

X: Precisely. In duck column inches, sixteen inches would have to be represented by a numerically greater number as duck have smaller feet.

O: Or alternatively, if we proposed that it was *a priori* true that sixteen inches was the amount needed, then we would have to breed larger ducks to compensate. This, however, would have many undesirable consequences.

X: A duck that would equate sixteen Herald column inches with sixteen duck column inches would have to be the size of a small cow. Due to scaling problems, this causes

enormous stress on the lower limbs, and a duck with proportionally larger vocal cords would sound like a dump truck, because of the pitch change. And according to M. Gustibus, dump trucks are responsible for most traffic deaths, which means that big ducks are responsible for traffic deaths which is not something that we can allow.

O: So by *reductio ad absurdum*, this interpretation cannot be true. On the other hand anybody who has ever taken an English course will realize that one has not found the right interpretation until one has found the dirty one, which theorem has been proven by M. Gustibus in another study.



X: The dirty interpretation interpretation accounts for the possible slips made when reading the word "duck" in the column above. But it also presents a problem in epistemology, because we have no idea if sixteen is enough. This means that we have to end in aporia, which is not a dirty word.

O: And ending on a non-dirty word is of course a remarkable result, which serves as an irrefutable counter example to Clausen's Things Invariably Get Earthier and Earthier Theorem.

X: Our next question is "Should toast ever be buttered on both sides?"

O: This is a much simpler question. No, toast should never be buttered on both sides, barring the Club Exclusion Principle With Exceptions. Toast may be, but doesn't necessarily need to be, buttered on both sides in club sandwiches, but only on the centre piece.

X: The Exception is for duck meat: when turkey or chicken are unavailable, and duck is used (by way of the Canard Substitution Matrix (Franto, 1979)), the toast may not be buttered at all.

O: Proof: According to Brilliant Savarin, duck is classified as Rich and Lively. Butter addition would result in a combinatory explosion which would violate closure on the set of Natural sandwiches. But this is absurd, Q.E.D.

X: On the other hand, the proposed Large Duck Standard duck would be too heavy to fly, in which case there would be no dark meat on the duck, in which case it is perfectly legitimate to butter both sides of your toast, as no closure violation is threatened. Traditionally though, the senses are dulled and made insipid by committee meetings. So, for all S, if S is a member of College Council, then S may unconditionally butter the central toast piece of their club sandwich on both sides. *Ad hominem*, amen.

PLEASURE DOME PRESENTS
AMERICAN AVANT-GARDE FILM WITH
SANDRA DAVIS

Wednesday, October 24, 1990, 8:00 p.m., The Euclid Theatre (394 Euclid at College), \$2.00

An evening of films, curated by Sandra Davis. The focus of the evening will be the use of symbolism by women avant-garde filmmakers, including Marie Menken, Gunvor Nelson and Maya Deren.

Thursday, October 25, 1990, 7:00 p.m., \$3.00

Maternal Filigree, 1980, 23 min., colour, silent, 16mm.

"Fighting the conventions of consciousness, Menken, Brakhage and Davis have through the creative act penetrated the so-called conscious mind as well, perhaps, as the so-called subconscious to an area of thought to be fully explored." (Marilyn Mason)

Matter of Clarity, 1981-1985, 30 min., colour, sound, 16mm.

"...rich tactile images of the natural world...convey (the film's) Blakean revelation of the sensuality of perception and the perception of sensuality." (Ian Christie)

Architecture of Desire 1988, 15 min., colour, sound, 16mm.

Liberté

Loretta Johnson

I am a mirror. I reflect the men around me, enlarging them. I dance in men's spheres of influence, which hang about them like halos. I dance under the watchful eyes of my father and brother. When I am married, I will dance in my husband's sphere of influence, under his eyes.

My mother is also a mirror. When we look at each other we reflect one another to the depths of infinity. But we only see ourselves, not each other. My mother is a pillar. She is always there to support me. When she grows old, I will become a pillar and she can lean on me.

I met a woman recently. She told me about when she ripped the silver paint off the mirror that shielded her and draped it about her body like a cloak. When men look at her, they see her, not themselves. She is a piece of glass, easier to shatter. She tells me that mirrors shatter as easily as glass, they just look more substantial. She says that the stars in the sky are the ghosts of women draped in silver paint. She and they dance their own patterns in the cold world, out from under men's eyes.

I wish I had her strength to dance freely, but my mother depends on me. I am the only one who reflects her. I can not leave her all alone, unsupported when she grows old. I can not live in the cold, without the comforting gaze of my father, brother, husband. I could not stand to be so alone. But the stars will always be there to remind me that there were other women who could stand cold freedom and in time I may gather up enough courage to go dancing in the cold, cloaked in silver.

Considering the Date-Rape Discussion

Nancy Friedland

There is, understandably, a considerable amount of emotionally charged confusion surrounding the issue of date rape. Perhaps that is why so many people chose to write about in the first issues of the various papers; in order to crystallize their own feelings on paper and vent their frustrations about a silenced reality that affects us all. Hopefully, this well intentioned attempt at educating readers, specifically those entering their first year at U of T, will go a long way in reaching those very confused bozos who are as yet unaware of the precise meaning of the word "no". However, (that was inevitable wasn't it?) I feel an important facet of this crucial debate has been neglected.

Debate is perhaps the wrong word. There is no debate; nobody but you should have any control over any aspect of your sexuality, in any situation, come what may (so to speak). But what I think is missing from the discussion is an awareness or a concern for what the hell is going on in the minds of the woman who are being effected. Obviously the subject is personal, and the didactic approach many have chosen to take with regard to this subject can be alienating.

I don't want to talk about those situations where force or violence is involved, but only about those cases involving emotional manipulation

because it seems to me that those are the times when the decisions the woman makes can strongly effect the outcome of the situation. To look at it strictly from a woman's point of view, we can demand and hope that others will treat us with respect but we can't rely on anyone but ourselves. A woman can ever be held responsible for a man's aggressive sexual behaviour, but if we treat ourselves with the respect we deserve then we won't allow ourselves to be manipulated.

If you think that there is a possibility that you can't trust a particular guy then get out of the situation. I don't think that women should censor their behaviour, but if you wouldn't get into a car with a guy whose driving you don't trust, why would you go into a bedroom with a guy whose sexual mores are unknown? Read the signals; if he doesn't treat you with respect outside the bedroom then chances are he won't treat you with respect inside the bedroom.

I guess the point is that sure I think it's shitty what some men do; I'd like them to change their behaviour. But until they do I'm not willing to let them keep making mistakes with me. I can't eliminate evil, but I can do what I can to avoid getting myself into a situation whose outcome I won't like. As Confucius says: hope for the best but prepare for the worst.



We are Reality

Footprints in the sand seem oblivious,
The familiar shadow is now a stranger,
Tranquility is near yet so far away.
Reality is your memory that is so vivid.

The stroll on the boardwalk is unfulfilling,
The caress of the breeze is uncomfortable,
Life seems incomplete
Your need is very deep.

I know we have our positions on each axis,
I know our commitments are affirmative,
Despite logic emptiness envelops me
Emotion remains victorious over rationality.

A dreamer am I
You are consciousness
We are reality.

Shehna Jabbar

Mole Goes to Hell

I woke up after midnight as usual. I can't sleep at night anymore. The radio might help me get back to sleep, I thought.

I was wrong.
"And now for some music for your dancing and dining torture..." moaned a deep, loud voice from Hell. I heard screaming babies in the background. My ears were suddenly bombarded by sonic death.

Yes, I thought, Mitch is on the air again.

Beyond The Gates Of Hell. What a show. I listened religiously every Tuesday night for the whole summer. It is the best radio show in history.

Forget about CIRT's *The Jazz Scene*. Forget about Spike Milligan's *Goon Show*. Forget about Welles' *Mercury Theatre of the Air*. This is the most outstanding thing since the radio was invented.

I decided to drop in at CIUT one night. Insomnia, as usual. Mitch was recording a live performance of the anarchist-feminist band Mourning Sickness for me. I talked with his friend Marty Matthews for a few minutes. She was going to read some of Salmon Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses* on the show. Ironically, I thought, since the station manager had just been fired. But more on that subject later.

Mitch started out at CIUT doing a short jazz show. Occasionally he'd throw on some industrial music for

good measure. Eventually he got an all-night shift to play with. Using a voice box, Mitch transformed his regular voice into a deep, industrial sounding growl. A tape loop of screaming babies was added for an even more Satanic effect.

Indeed, the show is a trip through hell. The music is an interesting mixture of heavy metal (Black Sabbath, Venom) industrial noise and screaming (Lydia Lunch and Marty Matthews' band Gut Wrench) to the pulsating beat of the Revolting Cocks.

Beers, Steers and Queers by the Cocks seems to be Mitch's favourite these days. Mourning Sickness also receives fairly regular play, as does Masochistic Religion, Mitch's very own band. In fact, he performed his music for about three hours on one of his shows. If you're interested in local talent, check out The Rivoli in October to see if he's playing. His album should be out soon as well.

If you've been reading *The Newspaper* lately, you'll know that CIUT station manager was recently fired. Everybody seems to have had a problem with Mr. Chrisostom. Mitch was not an exception.

According to the emcee of Hell, Chrisostom didn't like the way Mitch looked (long black hair, black clothes, leather belts, chains, Satanic earrings, etc...) and didn't like the music he played. At one point he wanted a song by Mourning

Sickness removed because it contained the word "Penis." That tape has since disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Was it stolen by someone or did Chrisostom remove it? Nobody knows, not even Mitch.

Chrisostom wanted an Islamic religious show to play on CIUT. According to Mitch, this was not a popular idea. Mitch told him that he'd read *The Satanic Verses* if Chrisostom put on the show. I failed to find out if it was put on the air, but it hardly matters now since the guy's fired.

"It is 3:33 a.m. here at the gates of hell..." intoned Mitch. "Yes, it is the Hour of Satan."

I had left twenty minutes earlier and was listening to the show in bed. Marty Matthews began reading the infamous *Verses*. I drifted off to sleep, content in the knowledge that I had gone straight to Hell and had returned unscathed.

I woke up screaming an hour later. If you love nightmares as much as I do, leave the radio on when you go to bed. I guarantee that Mitch will scare you to death.

Beyond the Gates of Hell. Every Tuesday night/Wednesday morning at one a.m. on CIUT 89.9 FM on your dial. Remember: Mitch cares about your children. He may even take a request. Just call 595-0909 or 595-0563 and don't ask for Led Zeppelin.

A Scent

A scent of excrement
Hangs over the scenery.
That subterranean aroma;
The inevitability of organic waste,
Spreads through the air,
Sifting through the trees,
Along the winding road of the cliff
Which cuts through the forests.

The cliff is deep,
And I am dizzy.

Robert Pyne

Untitled

The dawn breaks open
A new era as I sit
and watch my rose garden
under turmoil feet,
Lasting it seems, forever
On a new found plain.

The painstaking years
Are washed away from a
forgotten past...

Robert Pyne

Smoked Out?

Joey Schwartz

It's amazing how quickly change forces itself on things. Take for example the Innis College Cafeteria. Last year the cafeteria was a gathering place full of people getting together before and after class to talk and unwind. By unwinding I mean anything from having a cup of coffee, to (horror of horrors, can I mention that cancerous word) *smoking*. Since smoking is now prohibited in the cafe, the place now resembles the thriving, lively atmosphere of a morgue.

As a non-smoker and Cinema Studies major, I resent the fact that many of my friends and fellow students cannot feel comfortable or even relax in the cafe because they are not allowed to indulge themselves in a thoroughly legal vice, smoking. I miss the lively discussions held in the cafe and would like a return to the people friendly (though not necessarily lung friendly) atmosphere that existed last year - an atmosphere which fostered those lively discussions. Therefore, the cafe should revert to last year's system; one room set aside for non-smokers (and for people offended by second-hand smoke),

and the main seating area for anyone else, which seemed to work well last year.

Ultimately, I believe that the cafe should not take discriminating action against any person, and this includes the smoking orientation of a person. If I choose to sit down next to or with someone who smokes, then it is my responsibility for any ill effects (from the smoke) that might affect me, if in fact the smoke actually does affect me.

I know in all of the cinema courses that I have taken that the vast majority of the students smoke; the two things that seem to naturally go together: smoking and cinema. Since the Cinema Studies program is headquartered at Innis and the majority of the people in that program smoke, and the fact that the Cinema Studies program makes up half of the two programs sponsored by Innis College, would it not make sense to revert back to last year's extremely fair smoking policy?

Unless smoking is re-allowed in the cafe, Innis College's social atmosphere will be retarded and therefore it will be a less interesting place to be.



University of Toronto TORONTO ONTARIO M5S 1A1

RESIDENCE, FOOD & BEVERAGE SERVICES

MEMORANDUM

DATE: August 23, 1990
TO: All Innis Cafeteria Users
SUBJECT: SMOKING

The University of Toronto Smoking Policy was passed by the University Affairs Board on May 1, 1990. The policy prohibits smoking in all University buildings. This policy also prohibits smoking in all cafeterias and eating areas.

Therefore, as of September 1, 1990, the Innis Cafe will become completely non-smoking. The appropriate signs will be posted shortly.

A copy of the policy will be available with the cashier. If anyone has any questions or wishes to discuss the matter, they may write to the University of Toronto Smoking Committee care of my office.

Festival of Festivals

Film Festivals: A Tale of Two Cities

Jim Shedden

Having attended both the Montreal Festival des films du monde and the Toronto Festival of Festivals, I'd like to make a few half-baked observations about the cities and their respective festivals.

1. In the ongoing feud between Toronto and Montreal over whose festival is bigger, better, and more "Canadian", Montreal clearly seems to be the sore loser. With the exception of Fellini's new film, I had absolutely no problem getting into anything in Montreal even after the shows had started. Early morning screenings were often attended by fewer than 20 people.

As for who's more Canadian, who cares? Montreal appears to show more Canadian made-for-TV drama than Toronto, where every "important" Canadian feature film produced in 1989 was shown.

Montreal took Toronto to task for showing so many films from that evil empire, the United States. And yet, what one really has in Montreal (and often in Toronto) are second-rate Hollywood-style films from all over the world! In Montreal I saw *Far Removed From War* (He Mei, mainland China), which made me recall *Sophie's Choice* (except that *Sophie's Choice* was more interestingly shot, edited and acted). I also saw a Chinese cross between *Kramer Vs. Kramer* and a cop show, *Bloody Dusk* (Sun Zhou, mainland China), and a Chinese Kurosawa meets *Singin' in the Rain*, *The Terra Cotta Warrior* (Ching Siu-tung, Hong Kong/mainland China).

In the main, it strikes me that Montreal is far less concerned with "programming" films and much more with being "representative". I hated a lot of the films in Toronto, but always had a sense that there was some reason for them being there, that some individual chose them for some reason other than their country of origin.

2. The Chinese films shown in

Toronto, on the whole, tended toward the worst elements of American entertainment. There were genuinely interesting "art" films from all three Chinas (mainland, Taiwan and Hong Kong) like Zhang Yi-mou's *Ju Dou* and Lawrence Ah Mon's *Queen of Temple Street*. On the other hand, why on earth did Toronto programmers show *Chinese Ghost Story* (Ching Siu-tung AGAIN, Hong Kong, 1990), a really stupid dazzle 'em Steven Spielberg movie? If it weren't from some far-away exotic land they wouldn't have shown it. They didn't show *Gremlins*, after all, did they?

Likewise, John Woo's *Bullet in the Head*, one of the more popular films in Toronto, was an insanely juvenile blood-fest. Festival programmer David Overby said that it has the sophistication of Jean-Pierre Melville. For me, instead, Sylvester Stallone came to mind.

3. High school French is not sufficient to understand the dialogue in Godard's new film, *Nouvelle Vague* (shown in Montreal). At least it looked great, even if I didn't understand it.

4. If I were a visitor to Toronto I would go away convinced that it's still Hogtown. Every restaurant (excluding "ethnic" ones -- i.e., Oriental and Indian) within the Festival circuit is a member of some Big Food Chain that serves up over-sized draught beers and big bad teen food (JJ Mugs, etc.). Fun bars are almost non-existent on the Festival strip, unless hanging out with the coke crowd at Bemelman's or the Bellair is your idea of a good time. Montreal, as much as I want to hate it, has undeniably seeds more "normal" restaurants, taverns, hang-outs, etc. in their Festival core area.

5. The Festival strip in TO, covering the area from Yonge & St Clair, to Bathurst & Bloor, to Yonge & Queen is now way too big and

there's probably no turning back. Montreal, by contrast, is very concentrated, perhaps the same distance as Yonge to Avenue Rd along Bloor.

6. Montreal's ticketing system is still superior to Toronto's in that it allows one to redeem coupons well in advance, ensuring entry to the films before the Festival has even started. I can see no reason why Toronto does not adopt this policy.

7. Yvonne Rainer, potentially the most talented filmmaker shown in the Toronto Festival, continued her progressive descent into hell with *Privilege*. Rainer established herself in a series of short films and three early features (*Lives of Performers*, *Film About a Woman Who...* and *Kristina Talking Pictures*) as one of the most successful artists to combine film with dance and performance art. Then she got "political" with *Jauneys From Berlin* and her films became more and more investigations of trendy political issues, but less and less awful. Although I was not surprised, *Privilege* was still the most disappointing film for me because Rainer has been ruined by murky rhetoric. More of this rant on request.

8. Favourite new films of the Toronto Festival: Both of Jon Jost's *All the Vermeers in New York* and *Sure Fire*. *Vermeers* is Jost's largest budget film (produced for Playhouse Theatre for about \$1/4 million) and investigates the corrupting influence of money vs. the salvation of art. *Sure Fire*, an extremely low budget movie, is dedicated to Jost's father. The film documents a violent, despicable man, Wes (played by Tom Blair), whose pursuit of profit, power and influence drive everyone around him (especially his wife and son) to hate him, much to his surprise and everyone's eventual doom. Best suicide film since Fassbinder's *Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?*.

Other favourites: Gyorgy Feher's *Twilight* (also shown in Montreal),

an extremely disturbing investigation of a serial killer whose victims are a number of young girls in Budapest. Like the best of Hungarian films, *Twilight* constructs a hell-on-earth, especially the detective's personal psychological hell. The film is shot entirely in exquisite long-takes: in fact, there are only about 45 shots in the film (most feature films this long have over 500).

The Deadman by New York avant-garde filmmakers Peggy Ahwesh and Keith Sanborn, two artists whose work I have not liked, surprised me enormously. On a programme with an average film (*Annie*, Monika Treut's documentary about Annie Sprinkle) and two dreadfully silly movies (Richard Wadwinowski's *Flames of Passion* and Pauline Chan's *The Space Between the Daar and the Floor*), *The Deadman*, based on Bataille's "Le Mort", was a wonderfully ugly, visceral relief. Programmer Kay Armitage's description is succinct, so I quote it here: "The Deadman is a dark burlesque in which the death rattle, the moan of orgasm, and the wail of laughter combine to create an abjection."

Step Across the Border (Humbert and Penzel) was a wonderful documentary about guitar genius Fred Frih. Expect to see it a Innis next fall 1991.

9. Best thing about both Festivals: their blast from the past series. In addition to Toronto's birth of sound programme, there was Jean Vigo's *L'Atalante*, newly restored by Gaumont, the production company that originally cut the film (shortly after Vigo's death in 1934) to pander to distributors' whims. The film, made by one of the genius's of cinema (see especially his city symphony *A Propos de Nice*), became an art-house classic in 1940, but has never been properly restored until now.

Montreal's archival series consisted mainly of a "tribute to freedom", a programme of formerly banned films from Eastern Europe.

Paris is Burning

Brian Morgante

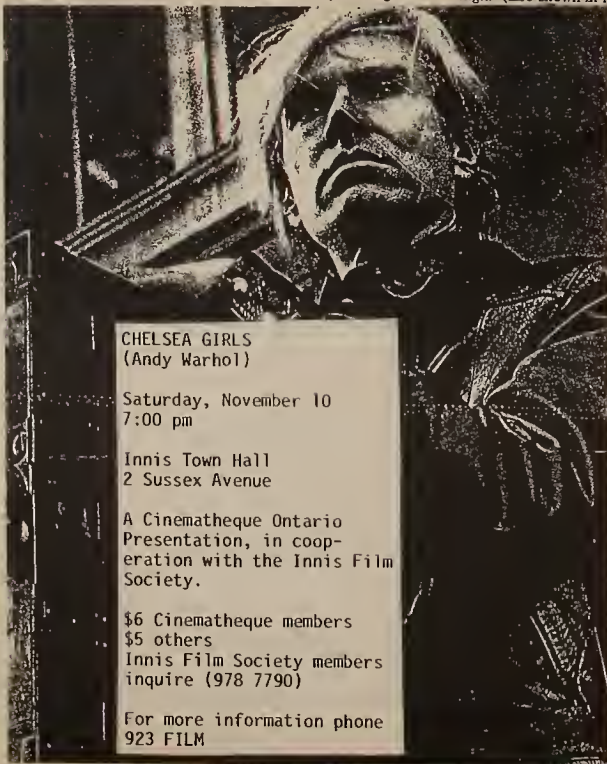
Watching *Paris is Burning*, Jennie Livingston's documentary on Harlem Drag Balls and Voguing, I had the uncomfortable feeling that I held the interviewees in higher esteem than the director. It's this festival's *Motel* (great subjects, intensely sympathetic interview footage, smug ugly tone; the same attitudes as Christian Blackwood though her tone is more submerged).

Livingston evidently thinks drag is such a shocking new discovery (or a dirty secret; it's hard to tell) that she doesn't have to probe very far into her subjects' lives. Livingston had the choice of either fully opening up the subjects' lives to examination or editing authoritatively to impose shape and meaning on the footage. (It takes a great documentarian to go one way and end up at the other destination: see the work of Frederick Wiseman for an example.) Livingston tries to go in both directions at once and trips -- twice. We get to know a few characters really well but then Livingston blocks our full identification with them by making each appear foolish, shallow, or egotistical (these are drag queens!). The line "New York City has gone Labeija" is milked for a cheap laugh that undercuts the wisest and most altruistic character interviewed, a drag-house mother named Pepper

Labeija.

Watching these fascinating and entertaining people talk and perform, I was wondering about the black queens' striving for verisimilitude, and the implications for gay sexual politics. I also wondered about the details of the balls (frequency, racial composition, invitations, cost ?) which are not provided. After the screening, Livingston told the crowd that the balls were held monthly and were open to anyone with seventeen dollars.

Yet Livingston can't convey any larger interpretation because she doesn't know one. Instead, she encourages the characters to label themselves and then bemoan their low status, creating a warp since the viewer experiences the people as sublime and heroic not downtrodden. Livingston nearly has an orgasm when she gets to announce that one of the characters was murdered: she clamps down on it as validation of the self-pity she recorded. What really gives the lie to her petty sermonizing is the running interview with two gay boys outside the Hall, who appear to be unconnected to drag or voguing, but I don't fault her for using their vibrant talk. Thirteen and fifteen years of age and out on the street in Harlem "at 2:27 a.m.," their radiant normalcy alone makes the film memorable.



CHELSEA GIRLS
(Andy Warhol)

Saturday, November 10
7:00 pm

Innis Town Hall
2 Sussex Avenue

A Cinematheque Ontario
Presentation, in coop-
eration with the Innis Film
Society.

\$6 Cinematheque members
\$5 others
Innis Film Society members
inquire (978 7790)

For more information phone
923 FILM

Le Beau Mariage x 2

Steve Gravestock

Michel Brault's new film, *Paper Wedding*, has a semi-political hook. Pablo (played by Manuel Aranguiz) is a political refugee who's in the country illegally; Claire (Genevieve Bujold) is a vaguely disenfranchised academic who marries him so that he can stay in the country. Her sister, Pablo's lawyer, coaxes her into it. Because of an over-zealous immigration agent, they're forced to live together and learn about one another. (They need some intimate knowledge in order to fake it through a hearing.) In the process, they develop feelings for each other -- to use the language of romance novel blubs.

The hook is semi-political because political issues get dumped pretty fast. It's immediately apparent that the characters are tropes, screenwriter's shorthand, and that their histories are not meant to be real or referential. Pablo's a refugee in order to show that he's suffered and experienced, just as Claire's an academic to suggest that she's slightly emotionally unfulfilled (and that she's suffered and experienced). Refugee Pablo is the 90's version of a 50's European gentleman, while professor Claire is the contemporary version of a Katherine Hepburn spinster. The movie's really about two very private people falling in love.

You don't wince at the way *Paper Wedding* resurrects plots from old Katherine Hepburn vehicles. In fact, you pretty much ignore them. Director Brault works carefully -- assuming nothing -- so you end up seeing nuance instead of cliché. (The film's a more intense version of Joan Macklin Silver's *Crossing Delancey*.) Despite his reputation as a political director, Brault has never displayed any substantial interest in politics even in his FLQ movie, the much heralded *Les Ordres*. He is concerned with what he's good at, and he's very adept at presenting reticent people expressing intense emotions. His star -- Genevieve Bujold -- is even better at it.

Pauline Kael once praised Bujold for making the "leap beyond self-protection," and at her best Bujold seems impossibly open and charged. You love this openness and you feel protective of her because

she seems too open, too raw to survive. At the same time, you know she's no waif; someone with that much energy doesn't require much protection. Bujold's one of the few actresses who can make you feel invigorated, protective and inadequate.

Here, Bujold's refusal to play it safe makes you empathize with Claire's reluctance to commit, and her technique helps you understand why. (I could go into greater detail about Claire's character, but I'd have to speak psycho-babble, and that would be an insult to the actress. She lifts the character and the movie beyond that.) Bujold works so subtly that, when the film ends, you're rather astonished at how involved you are. Her performance provides the movie with its only tension. It's more than enough. *Paper Wedding*, primarily because of Bujold's performance, deserves to be recognized as one of the most elegant movies to play this year's festival.

Paper Wedding's companion piece at the festival was *Getting Married in Buffalo Jump*. It's also concerned with a marriage of convenience. *Married* is far less lyrical and intense, but it does have solid virtues.

After her father's death, Sophie Ward (Wendy Crewson) returns home to Alberta to run her father's farm. (She's spent the last couple years in Toronto.) Her mother (Marion Gilsenan) -- who hates rural life passionately -- has some insane dreams about Sophie becoming a concert pianist; for some reason she's not fazed by the fact that Sophie's been playing in lounges. Needless to say, she's dead set against Sophie's plans to keep the ranch.

Enter blonde Alex (Paul Gross), an old friend from high school. Sophie knows nothing about running a ranch and desperately needs his help and advice, as a hand and an expert rancher. The trouble is, Alex is a real pretty boy. (He's so obviously good looking, his first appearance drew gales of laughter from the audience. You immediately know what his role is going to be.) Alex offers Sophie a proposition:

marry him and they'll run the ranch together. At first, Sophie objects. She's a modern, educated girl after all. Her first response is "Can't we just have an affair like normal people?"

However, the proposition makes sense and the sexual (and personal) attraction between the two is immediately apparent. The logic of Alex's proposal -- and it's distinctly non-urban character -- is one of the most appealing aspects of the film. It's reasserted in one of the best lines in the script. When her mother asks her about the educated men she met in Toronto (she's not pleased with the marriage either), Sophie says, "I finally figured out what those men want; someone just like them with long hair and tits."

I'm unfamiliar with the Susan Charlotte Haley novel the movie's based on, but an old, reliable female friend tells me that the novel is particularly good at depicting female sexuality and desire. This comes through in the movie, particularly in a late scene where Sophie has some of her suspicions about Alex dismissed and, slightly drunk, hops on him in the middle of the street. It's a great depiction of rampant, thirtysomething female hormones in action.

The film falters in its later stages, getting into squabbling between the parents and dull misunderstandings between Sophie and Alex. It's rather slackly directed (by Eric Till) and it's visually very undistinguished. (The truly tepid cinematography really helps you appreciate the way *Paper Wedding's* cinematographer, Sylvain Brault, turned Montreal into the ideal city of second or third major chances. To be fair, *Married* was shot for television.) Marion Gilsenan -- as Sophie's mother -- gives the only really notable performance, though Crewson and Gross are both adequate. Still, to get totally Canadian and quote our national songstress Anne Murray, "the film boasts some real emotion. *Getting Married in Buffalo Jump* has some of the charm of a Merle Haggard/Bonnie Owens collaboration or a Loretta Lynn song. It's quaint but close enough to real life to make it more than worthwhile.



Bethune: The Making of a Hero

Brian Morgante

It is a surprise and an enormous pleasure to report that *Bethune: The Making of a Hero* is an excellent movie; moving, exciting and true to its central character's communist beliefs. Going in I didn't see how it could possibly work: a Ted Allen screenplay, an uncommercial story, insufficient funding, inexperienced producers, mixed financial intentions (it was to be both a feature film and a four hour TV miniseries), and finally, the wrong director. When tough, skillful Ted Kotcheff bowed out, the producers hired Philip Borsos, who was apolitical and whose good pictures were truly small, narratively and emotionally. Yet after much public wrangling and two one-year delays, one during shooting and the other during post-production, the finished film is everything it should be. Why?

The answer, I think, is that *Bethune* is an example of that rare phenomenon in movies: the editor-auteur. Usually, when films are cut against the director's wishes the result is a poorer film aesthetically (the studio-shortened *Wild Bunch* is the only example I know of where a film improved because of such interference). Nearly everyone who has seen the film complains that it's incoherent, confusing, emotionally neutral. The *Globe* and *Mail's* society columnist opined that the movie "was undercut by atrocious time flip-flops," and she was reporting the premiere party!

After the producers rejected Borsos' cut (they were allowed; Borsos broke his contract), they went south of the border to hire a superb American editor, Angelo Corrao (*Let's Get Lost*, *Pick-up Artist*), to sift through all the footage and assemble a movie. Corrao has done this superlatively,

even managing to give post-modern Borsos' cool footage some rhythm.

I am not denigrating Borsos in saying that his scenes are dramatically null for he demonstrates a spectacular grasp of epic imagery in *Bethune*. The images are large, strong, energizing and virtually every camera set-up is a triumph. Considering that four major (and two minor) cinematographers -- Mike Malloy (Roeg, Kubrick), Raoul Coutard (Godard), Michel Brault (also a director), and Roger Pratt (*Batman*) -- worked on the film, the stylistic unity is also a tribute to Borsos.

However, his version cannot have had any dramatic charge, and so no meaning. The flattest scene in *Bethune* is a long one, on a rope bridge, where Norman Bethune pressures his uptight, upper class wife to cross. Because it's pivotal, it remains in the finished film as it was shot, and the obviousness of the metaphor is deadening.

Corrao couldn't massage any life into the bridge scene but he works wonders with the rest of the movie, where he gets around the lifelessness by ignoring the narrative -- a daring move for an epic. Identifying the movie's centre in Donald Sutherland's performance as the driven, unhappy, supremely rational Norman Bethune, Corrao ignores literal notions of chronology and causation and cuts instead to fill out or amplify the surgeon's moods. The implication is that he is consciously in control of himself; he knows what he is doing and the movie, in refusing to break him into psychological components, chooses instead to sympathize with the political choices made by the whole Norman Bethune in the 1930's. The first hour of the movie is stirring; the second is rousing.

NEW CINEMA WITH NEW MUSIC CONCERTS present

COMPOSING FOR THE CINEMA: BILL GILLIAM IN PERSON october 18 1990, 7:00 pm

BILL GILLIAM, A COMPOSER WHO LIVES AND WORKS IN TORONTO, WILL DISCUSS COMPOSITION FOR FILM USING EXCERPTS OF HIS WORK IN FILMS BY ELDER AND GILL.

ADMISSION FREE FOR INNIS FILM SOCIETY OR NEW MUSIC CONCERT SUBSCRIBERS, \$3.00 OTHERWISE.

A COOPERATIVE PRESENTATION OF THE INNIS FILM SOCIETY AND NEW MUSIC CONCERTS. THIS EVENT WILL BE HELD IN THE INNIS COLLEGE TOWN HALL, 2 SUSSEX AVE., 1 BLOCK SOUTH OF BLOOR ON ST. GEORGE AVE. CALL 961-9594 (NMC) OR 978-7790 (IFS) FOR INFORMATION

OCTOBER 18 1990 7:00 PM 2 SUSSEX AVE. IFS+NMC

Festival of Festivals Diary: A Dry Year

Brian Morgante

Appraising this year's festival, Peter Goddard asserted that women were the active aesthetic element in movies today and that "women's pictures" were the festival's conscience. He is wrong. First, the "women's pictures" presented were some of the worst offered this year, and the prominence and respect given those responsible is (perhaps) the primary affliction of contemporary film culture. Second, a festival slat is arbitrarily chosen and so reflects only the programming efforts of ten or so people, and those efforts reflect a disturbing trend: the festival bureaucracy is stifling the creative side. Greater efforts to please the press and industry factions are coupled with treasonous pass changes that frustrate the regulars and cater to casual customers. After a documentary won last year's top prize, the documentary category was dropped (though some did sneak into other categories). Far fewer directors showed up for public screenings of their films and, when they did, the question period was frequently cut short -- when it was allowed at all. Most pointedly, the quality of programming choices has fallen sharply since Helga Stephenson took control of the festival. This year's crop was more level than last year -- I didn't see a single great film, and the few I walked out of, I left hoping to do better elsewhere -- and a marked contrast to the thrilling 1988 festival where I saw a dozen great or singular features and another dozen that were lethal. I acknowledge the value of overall quality, but how can they hope to show great films when they won't even program the latest films by the Tavianis, Fred Wiseman, Barbara Kopple, or Jean-Luc Godard (who was given a retrospective tribute during the 1980 festival that proclaimed him "the single most important director in post World War II cinema")? None of the above films has secured North American distribution, so Torontonians may have missed their only chance to see them. Since these films were selected by the New York and Montreal festivals, we can conclude that consistency, that most prized of bureaucratic virtues, is the way into the Toronto festival. That can be positive (Eric Rohmer's *Tales of Springtime* was up to his usual standards), or it can be negative: I am consistently uninterested in the films of Jon Jost, Kaurismäki or Lohar Lambert. The current festival administration's only real accomplishment is minor, for the token system that eliminates

opportunistic line-joining is a staple at other festivals.

There are a couple of films I want to discuss in detail, so let me first survey some of the rest. By "women's pictures," Goddard means films by and for women and wracked with feminist conscience, so I'll call those films "broad pix." The worst broad pix I saw was Patricia Rozema's disgraceful *White Room*. Puente, badly paced, ineptly staged and directed, its worst fault is the way it desecrates a great actress, Kate Nelligan. Rozema doesn't even know how to photograph her star, and the result is jarring. (Margot Kidder should be grateful she gets so little screen time.)

Ellen Weissbrod is an accomplished director but the documentary she produced, with Courtney Sale Ross, has no ideas whatsoever. *Listen Up's* only subject is the (pointless) fancy synopsized editing. The same problem mars Dylan Cannon's *End of Innocence*. Well-directed but empty and hollow, Cannon badly needed a co-writer to give her a role and the film some drama. I was shocked to discover that Henry Jaglom's *Eating*, a compilation film featuring thirty California women improvising on the subject of their eating habits, was NOT a comedy. Henry has no sense of structure and the film is a ghastly 118 minutes.

Dick is a short directed by two feminists. It's 15 minutes comprise hundreds of unflattering photographs of penises, accompanied by offensively abstract and condescending commentary by the directors. If the sexes were reversed, would Helga have allowed the film to run?

The opposite of "broad pix" is the more traditional genre, women's pictures that are concerned with ideas about love, romance, beauty and dreams. Some of the festival's best films were in this category. Quebec cinematographer/director Michel Brault made a perfect romance, *Paper Wedding*. Shaped around a beautiful, resonant performance by Genevieve Bujold, the film uses her middle age to heighten the value of her love. She's not desperate but she's yearning, and the movie's quiet power is the perfectly matched chemistry between Bujold and her nominal husband, Manuel Aranguiz.

The currents of feeling that wash through *Paper Wedding* are sadly missing from *Dames Galantes*, the French film featuring Isabella Rossellini (the screen's closest equivalent to Garbo). A dull, historical drama that occasionally plays for farce, Tachella's picture has no mythic subtext to ignite the

viewer's imagination.

Equally dull but less amusing was *Cyrano de Bergerac*, voted the festival's most popular film. Noisy, bustling peasants and austere, bland aristocrats fill the screen while Depardieu goes through the motions of Cyrano and the actress chosen for Roxanne is a blank. It is just too remote to be enjoyed by anyone living outside France (except people who proclaim "an abiding love of the classic"). The 1987 Hollywood version, *Roxanne*, that starred Steve Martin and Daryl Hannah, was superior in EVERY way.

David Hare's mixed intentions undermine *Paris by Night*. Intended to be a harsh attack on a female Tory MP -- guess who -- the film gets turned upside down by the enormous reserves of cruel beauty Charlotte Rampling brings to the role. Hare loves Rampling but hates Thatcher; if he'd made the film a black comedy, where she becomes more beautiful as she commits worse crimes, he'd have made a classic. As it is, it's a confused but highly enjoyable and romantic film (with a great look; the cinematography, by Roger Pratt, seems to have been a warm-up for *Batman*). *Paris* was shot and finished seven years ago, well before *Batman*. -- Film Ed.

Turning to other subjects and issues, the best film I saw was *Evenings*, a Dutch film about the early years of Gerard Reve (author and hero of *The Fourth Man*). Christianity and homosexuality are the major themes, as in the *Fourth Man*, but here they are nascent, not baroque. Full expression of Reve's sensibility, and filling in the gap between the 30's Berlin of Isherwood and Auden and the 50's of Rechy and Edmund White, are both major achievements. If you haven't heard about this film, it's because the festival didn't judge it worthy of a press screening during the festival. (How many of Toronto's film critics even bothered to see *Evenings*? It would be informative to know.) Thom Hoffman gives a major performance as Reve (and bears a teasing resemblance to Donnie Wahlberg), and some of the film's most memorable scenes are scathing satirical comedy, yet the movie was ignored.

Another major surprise was the fluid, intense *Interrogation*, directed by Ryszard Bugajski, the expert Polish director who now resides in Toronto. After viewing *Interrogation*, you feel you don't have to see any other political imprisonment movie, you know the subject so fully. After *Hidden Agenda*, you feel you don't want to see any more political thrillers.

Forced, coercive, undramatic, unconvincing, the film's big revelations about the mid-70's were covered in daily newspapers at the time -- though it was news to the impressed festival crowd. *Mindwalk* was several notches below *Hidden Agenda*, so I left after 25 minutes; and *Korczak* was well-crafted but the material was overly familiar.

There were two Irish films with political subjects on view, Pat O'Connor's *Foots Of Fortune* and Jim Sheridan's *The Field*. O'Connor, in his fifth outing as a director, fails to show any improvement. Good projects or great actors have enticed me to see all of his films, but this time he has both elements and neither is successful. The actresses fail to impress and the story is unworkable as presented. The saga of a family's fortunes could work as a metaphor for the Irish situation but not when the conception asks us to equate irredentist beliefs with the suffering of a man whose family is burned, whose father is shot and whose saviour from the fire is also shot. O'Connor must be losing his skills as a novelist if he can't see the ugliness in such a reductive comparison. By contrast, Jim Sheridan returns to this year's festival in triumph. *The Field* is richly dramatic, comedic and mythic. Confidently directed and perfectly acted, the film's only flaw is the turns the story takes in the final twenty minutes, turns which violate the respect the characters and their way of life have earned. The ending imposes contemporary liberal judgements (and fates) that just throw the audience out of the mythic, eternal universe the rest of the movie operates in.

One of the people most tested by the 1990 festival was Philip Ridley, who wrote *The Krays* and wrote and directed *The Reflecting Skin*. The results are inconclusive. *The Krays* is a mess, discarding points of view every twenty minutes and attempting some horrible dream to frame the movie -- and all of this given an Eastern European sensibility by the director, the usually sensible Peter Medak. The facts of the case are so compelling that the movie is still watchable though you may long for the clarification a realist presentation would have provided. (Stephen Frears could have made a great movie of this project using the same cast.) *The Reflecting Skin* is horribly art-conscious but wonderfully sordid. A coming-of-age story told like an art-horror movie, it provokes laughter but is always interesting.

It's hard to judge Ridley's direction -- though once he had cast Italian fashion model Viggo Mortensen, he had the good sense to work in a gratuitous nude scene -- because though Ridley is British (he's an East Ender, that's how he landed the *Krays* job), financing the picture meant setting the story in the U.S. and shooting in Alberta. The film is unmoored as the characters don't seem connected to any land.

The film-making in *Step Across The Border* outclasses the subject, avant garde composer Fred Frith and his music. Beautifully shot in black and white, the movie's formal structure mixes interviews, performances, and the directors' own imagery, and it is ironic that the film is weakest whenever the musicians are most prominent. The visual counterpart is more compelling than the music. The images suggest the photographs of Robert Frank (who appears in a brief cameo, on a train), A. Kertesz and Andre Brassai's Paris. Even when photographing Frith making music, the objects employed as instruments are beautiful and mysterious while the sounds are banal and atonal. I went in expecting to leave early; I stayed through I had a moment of panic when Frith started dropping kernels of corn on the strings of a sitar.

A welcome late addition to the festival was *Pump Up the Volume*, Allan Moyle's teen comedy-fantasy (it's welcome because it's very good and because commercial pictures have an energy and drive missing from many more ambitious festival films). Those who disliked the movie viewed it as a routine teen message picture, but I disagree with their categorization of the movie. I think the picture is a homosexual fantasy, played lightly for laughs. The fantasy is that adolescence is no different if you are gay, and the pivotal scene is the phone conversation between Christian Slater and the anonymous gay teen. The caller complains about a date with a jock that went ballistic when two more jocks showed up. A realistic (non-fantasy) rendering of this sexual episode would probably have the caller feeling fulfilled, or perhaps raped, but not fretting about squandering his 'relationship' with the first jock. Viewed this way, the other calls/complaints are (musical) variations on a theme, not a manifesto. The picture has a soft visual style (credit cinematographer Walt Lloyd) and a soft emotional pulse; it's not a Teen Talk Radio, it's more B-movie Visconti.



ROLEPLAYERS:

THE OFFICIAL INNIS ROLE-PLAYING SOCIETY
IS LOOKING FOR NEW MEMBERS

BEGINNERS WELCOME



A Danish Prince in Ireland

Steve Gravestock

Set during the post-World War One Irish War of Independence, Pat O'Connor's *Fools of Fortune* concentrates on a wealthy, large family. The family leads an idyllic, varied existence until they get mixed up with the IRA. The area is being occupied by a notoriously brutal British regiment. When a friend of one of the soldiers is killed on the estate's grounds, he and several others set fire to the mansion and kill everyone except the mother, a maid, and Willy, the youngest member of the family.

The massacre drives the mother (Julie Christie) insane. Willy (Iain Glen) just sits around watching helplessly, wimpishly, as his mother babbles and boozes it up. After she finally kills herself, he finally does something. He sleeps with a distant English cousin, Marianne (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio), and sloppily exacts vengeance for his family. Unfortunately, this act forces him to leave the country and abandon Marianne and their unborn daughter. The rest of the movie is devoted to waiting for his return.

The pre-massacre scenes are presented through Willy's eyes and they have enough authority to make the film quite enjoyable for a while. They pass by rapidly, providing one significant detail after another so that you get the sense of how Willy feels growing up in a large, happy household, and a knowledge of the social and political tensions operating in the area. The editor and writer, Michael Bradsell and Michael Hirst, do good work in the early stages and their groundwork and Jerry Zielinski's consistently pretty visual style keep the movie watchable.

I attribute the quality to them because I saw Pat O'Connor's last film (*January Man*) and he didn't display even one iota of talent in that. True to form, he lets the movie slide down the tubes after the fire, when the narrative turns allusive and more complicated.

To his credit, O'Connor doesn't mangle the opening -- though he never gives it the emotional depth it requires -- and Hirst's script and the cast are somewhat problematic. Willy's procrastination sucks a lot of the life out of the movie. Iain Glen has talent but here he's probably too adept at portraying wimpishness; he's so good that you start to feel an inordinate amount of contempt for the older Willy. You don't even want to associate him with the younger, more vital one. I don't know whether Glen has played Hamlet too recently or whether the source, the script, or the director forced this Danishness on him, but Danish princes don't belong in the Irish War of Independence.

The movie changes its tone far too frequently as well. After the massacre, a small cast and scope replace the huge cast and equally huge scope you enjoyed before. You know that Hirst has to do this but you also know it can't possibly work because O'Connor lacks the skills to present slow, intimate scenes. The film then switches to a weird version of magic realism with the daughter turning mad, flicking back and forth between time periods, and providing the motive for her parents to reunite. There are some odd assumptions about politics in this twist which contradict what the opening clearly suggests (ie. that the Irish situation is extremely complex and probably irresolvable as long as the British remain there).

Presumably, the reunion of the couple -- an Irishman and an Englishwoman -- constitutes a transcendence of and solution to the problem. This may be taking magic realism too far.

Fools gets a jolt of life when Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio shows up. She's vibrant enough to revitalize anyone, even wimpy Willy. However, she's probably mis-cast because she's so strong you can't really accept the two of them as a couple. Moreover, despite the fact that she's supposed to be British and an outsider, she's the only member of the cast -- besides the young actress who plays her daughter -- who carries some of the countryside's beauty in her soul. Her presence creates more problems, but you're very glad she's around. If the filmmakers had cast someone more appropriate the movie would probably be deadly.

After saying all this mostly awful stuff about the movie, I have to admit (sheepishly) that I rather enjoyed it. I attribute my enjoyment to several factors. One, some of Mastrantonio's talent comes through in ways her last couple of roles didn't allow. (Basically, she has enough screen time to make an impression and the role doesn't insult her the way her last couple did.) Two, the craftsmanship in the early stages, which I've already mentioned. Three, after seeing a lot of movies in a very brief period of time you start to appreciate the benefits of a strong narrative. *Fools* has plot to burn and the opening has the elements of a good, long middlebrow novel. And four, everyone's entitled to like one thing they can't really defend on any solid grounds, and this is certainly better than, say, Edgar G. Unger.



Reversal of Fortune

Karen Sumner

Reversal of Fortune, Barbet (Barfly) Schroeder's contribution to this year's Festival of Festivals, is based on a book by Alan Dershowitz about the infamous Long Island von Bulow trial, in which super-rich man about town (actually, the Hamptons) Claus von Bulow is accused of attempting to murder his even super-richer wife, Sunny. Von Bulow (played by Jeremy Irons) hires Harvard law professor and occasional defense lawyer Alan Dershowitz (Ron Silver) to defend him against the accusation of attempted murder brought about by his step-children (Sunny's kids from her previous failed marriage). Glen Close plays Sunny, who lies in a coma today in some New York hospital (Claus is still married to her).

So much for the story of the film. What, I think, is meant to be of interest to us are the characterizations of the emotionally restrained, mildly anti-semitic von Bulow and the neurotic, pill-popping, self-injecting Sunny. I think we are meant to come to some sort of understanding of their bizarre marriage -- it is one of both convenience and incredible inconvenience -- even if we are in no position to judge their relationship. But nothing is forthcoming from Irons and Close. We have no idea how they got where they are, why they haven't had sex for years (they habitually proclaim their love for each other), why Sunny munches on barbiturates and other nasty substances all day long, and why exactly it is that Irons is unable to interfere with her lifestyle. We understand that Sunny is depressed all the time, but why? It's supposedly because she feels like a failure (this marriage isn't too hot, and she's already been divorced once), but that's not enough to

explain the bizarre behaviour. They have an agreement that he gets mistresses when he wants and she gets high when she wants -- but there are limits even to this fairly open situation. We might not like von Bulow much, but at least he doesn't parade around openly with his women or fornicate indiscreetly. Sunny, however, gets to habitually over-dose, get high when and where she wants and be as shrewish and loud-mouthed nasty as she likes. Sure, we're told pretty well outright that the lives of these sort of people do not in any way resemble ours, and that therefore there are different rules and acceptable modes of behaviour in the Hamptons then in, say, the Annex. But this doesn't excuse the poor performances of both Jeremy Irons and Glen Close -- although I think, in Close's case, it is more a problem with Schroeder's conception of the character and the miserable dialogue she has to utter than it is a personal failure. Irons seems to fail all on his own. He sounds as though he has cotton in his mouth all the time and his accent (supposedly English - German) comes out as a cross between Peter O'Toole and Cary Grant. It is stilted and halting -- perhaps the point, as English would be the von's second language, but it ends up sounding like someone imitating an imitation. It's too far removed from the character, no matter how detached he's supposed to be.

The film isn't really bad, it's just that too many things are not explained (and the actors can't cover the gaps). Also, Schroeder can't decide whether this is a legal/courtroom type of drama, or whether it's about the evolution (or devolution) of a marriage. It fails because it ends up being neither, not both.

Mugging as the Light

Steve Gravestock

Christopher Monger's *Waiting for the Light* is a New Age children's classic with a decent mood, a sense of structure, and some deliciously gossipy, adult-type humour. Like two recent adult-child movies, *Prancer* and *Lady in White*, it combines childhood confusion with adult knowledge.

The movie focuses on Kay (Terri Garr), a single mother saddled with three hellions; two are her own offspring. The third is her crazy Aunt Zena (Shirley MacLaine), a semi-retired vaudevilian. Afraid that her children will end up in reform school because of their Aunt Z's inspired pranks, Kay packs up her brood and moves from Chicago to a small town where she's inherited a diner.

Unfortunately, the hellions just get into bigger trouble. When Zena and the kids try to scare a cantankerous old neighbour, something goes wrong and the old cod thinks he's had a religious experience. Things snowball because all this happens during the Cuban Missile Crisis, when people are desperate for something permanent to believe in. (This, of course, is the New Age sensibility kicking in; the necessity of belief in anything is one of the movement's central principles.) The place where they played the trick -- the old guy's orchard -- quickly becomes a site of religious significance. People and press flock to the orchard and Kay's diner.

Waiting for the Light has the resonance of a solid children's movie like *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Several moments have the wide-eyed

intensity of major childhood emotions like wonder and fear. Monger hits his peak at expressing childhood emotions when Kay's daughter tries to perform the trick one last time. (She does it alone, in order to allay a snoopy tabloid reporter's suspicions about Aunt Z.)

The scene occurs, appropriately, during a gale. Thunderstorms provide an accurate symbol for a child's more intense feelings which are often overpowering like the elements when they go wild. They're also particularly terrifying when you're a child because they drive home how small and powerless you are, and -- even when you're an adult -- they can conjure up the same sort of intense response.

Monger uses the storm both ways. It represents the guilt and fear the young girl experiences -- she feels terrible about deluding so many people and is terrified that she'll get caught -- and it makes us understand how she feels. We don't enjoy the storm either. Monger's approach isn't inventive; storms are a staple of children's literature and movies. It is effective, though, and it represents a triumph for the pathetic fallacy.

Waiting for the Light is low on content. The New Age stuff is pretty much all there is. Monger soft-pedals even this, by presenting it comedically most of the time. You're grateful that he approaches the theme in this manner, but you're also aware that the movie falters thematically as a result. It seems rather thin.

This quality is what separates *Waiting from Prancer* and *Lady in White*: those films draw you in so completely that you don't care about

the lack of content. This type of complaint would have been an inadequate response there. It's germane here because *Waiting for the Light* never fully sympathizes with the child's perspective. The movie leaves you feeling a little undernourished, emotionally and intellectually. Even the storm scene seems a trifle academic.

However, the film boasts one asset that neither *Prancer* nor *Lady in White* had: Shirley MacLaine. As Aunt Z, MacLaine takes a wicked delight in misbehaving. When she's telling a whopper lie, conning some locals, or disrupting a rich kid's birthday party with some grisly humour, her entire body lights up, the way the Wolf's eyes must have lit up when he saw Little Red Riding Hood. It's not really acting, so many more sustained in-character mugging. MacLaine enjoys playing up to the audience -- and playing off her celebrity status -- when she gets a good, rascally line. Since she doesn't overplay things or expect us to take her seriously as she has in her recent performances, we're as happy as she is.

After seeing *Madame Sousatzka* -- in which MacLaine had her last big role -- a friend cavedropped on three people leaving the theatre. A man was pontificating to his two companions about MacLaine: "I don't know what the critics were talking about. That was an incredible performance. Not for one second did I not believe she was Shirley MacLaine." You feel the same way after seeing *Waiting for the Light*. As Alice Munro's fictional step-mom Flo used to say, "What a performance!"

Discussing Food Irradiation

Steve Schrupp

Italian by birth, Enrico Fermi (1901-1954) abandoned his native land in 1938 to flee Mussolini's fascism. He made his escape by way of Stockholm, where he received the Nobel prize for his already famous work involving neutron reactions. After three years at Columbia University in New York, he accepted a position at the University of Chicago. There he made good use of his discoveries concerning neutrons as he directed the design and construction of the first nuclear reactor. On December 2, 1942, in a makeshift laboratory in a squash court of the university, cadmium rods were slowly removed from the reactor core, thus allowing the number of neutrons in the core to increase. At precisely 3:45 p.m., a self-sustaining chain reaction was achieved and the nuclear age was born.

Through the use of nuclear reactors and nuclear accelerating machines, many new radioactive materials have been produced, one of the most important isotopes being cobalt-60, with a half-life of 5.25 years. The applications of cobalt-60 range from its use as an x-ray source to its ability to destroy cancer cells deep within the body. Other radioactive materials have been found to be beneficial for the medical sciences, some of which are iodine-131 for the treatment of thyroid cancer and gallium-67 for the detection of tumorous tissue.

These are but a few of the many applications of nuclear physics in the field of medicine. Many uses also exist in the physical sciences and the public health sciences. Last May, the Food and Drug Administration announced its approval of irradiation to kill salmonella and other harmful bacteria in poultry. The only uncertainty surrounding the whole issue lay not in questions about the actual process itself, but in what reasons the poultry industries would

provide for declining to use the new process. The reason given by the industry was simply that food irradiation has a poor public image, rather than any justification based on questions of safety. The poultry industry concurred with the widespread opinion among scientists that the process is safe. But they also decided that most laypersons would rather depend on proper cooking to kill salmonella than eat irradiated poultry. The issue here is customer acceptance.

The processing of foods with intense radiant energy is not new. The sun's energy, for example, had been used for hundreds of years to preserve meat, vegetables, fruit and fish. More recently, infrared and microwave radiation have been introduced for heating food and microwave ovens are now commonplace in commercial and domestic kitchens. Today, it's an intense radiant energy known as ionizing radiation that is the basis of a potentially significant technology for processing food. Ionizing energy includes gamma rays, produced by radio isotopes, and x-rays and electron beams produced by particle accelerators. When the energy passes through food it leaves no residual radioactivity, but it does produce some chemical changes. For example, it can break certain molecular bonds. This action disrupts cell processes that enable micro-organisms of insects in food to survive and reproduce, and plant material to ripen or develop. Another issue is the potential for irradiation to select for resistant strains of micro-organisms. Salmonella has shown a remarkable ability to resist antibiotics and develop resistant strains. At this point it should be noted that relatively rough extrapolations have indicated that salmonella may have contributed to approximately 750 deaths in Canada in 1985. Food irradiation advocates cite substantial evidence that low doses of radiation

can destroy the salmonella bacteria that infest up to half the poultry now marketed in the United States, kill trichina in pork, wipe out harmful insects and micro-organisms that infest some fruits and vegetables, kill parasites in fish, inhibit sprouting in potatoes and onions, and delay spoilage in a variety of foods, while affecting taste and nutritional content only slightly. With higher radiation exposures (above FDA approved levels) food can be sterilized for consumption (i.e., for hospital patients whose immune systems have been seriously damaged) and can be given a nearly indefinite shelf life without refrigeration.

Public awareness of the safety and wholesomeness of foods is increasing. Concern about additives, processing and toxic pesticide residues eroding the nutritional quality of foods and adversely affecting human health is becoming more wide-spread. Many foods we eat from South America (from grapes to papaya) are treated with gases that destroy insects and other organisms. One such fumigant, ethylene dibromide (EDB), was banned in 1984 by the United States and Canada as a known carcinogen, and bans on other chemical fumigants could follow soon. Thus, an alternative method of food quarantine must be implemented by tropical food exporters. Among candidate technologies, food irradiation is rapidly emerging as the technology of choice. Irradiation's most ardent supporters even maintain that the process could combat hunger in Third World countries, by reducing food losses due to spoilage. It is worthwhile to note that thirty-seven nations, including such poor countries as China and Bangladesh, have approved the process, and of those, twenty-four are using it.

Most opposition to food irradiation is visceral. It starts from the

assumption that radiation, frequently a lethal agent, cannot possibly affect food in safe ways. The fact that radiation is linked to such occurrences as Hiroshima, Three Mile Island and the Chernobyl incident in 1986 that resulted in wide spread radioactive contamination of food. Fear of radiation has provoked a segment of the public to resist the process of irradiation. Instead of grappling with the details of scientific inquiry, the coalition of anti-nuclear activists, organic-food advocates, and holistic-health practitioners who compose the organized opposition to food irradiation habitually make startling but invariably hollow claims of conspiracy.

Wholesomeness of food that has been treated with ionizing energy (in this case irradiated) has been defined by the council for Agricultural Science and Technology (CAST) in its 1986 study "Ionizing Energy in Food". One of the initial questions that arises when considering food irradiation is the possibility of inducing radioactivity. The general understanding, however, is that no measurable radioactivity (thousands of times less than that already occurring in food) would be induced by various sources of ionizing energy, so long as their energy levels are with those legally permitted for irradiating food. Gamma rays from cobalt-60 have a relatively low average energy level compared to other high energy gamma-emitters and have little probability of inducing radioactivity. As this is the most likely source of ionized energy for irradiation of food in Canada in the near future induced radioactivity may be of little concern.

As a result of occupational and environmental concerns with respect to irradiation facilities, safe quotas will be implemented. Stringent regulations for irradiation facilities have been adopted by national regulatory agencies such as the Atomic Energy Control Board of

Canada (AECB) to protect the health and safety of workers and to prevent environmental contamination. As a safe policy, Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AECL) guarantees to remove all of the spent radioisotope cobalt-60 at the end of its useful life at the request of the buyer. This material is transported in lead and steel casts designed to withstand the most severe accidents. It is disposed of at special facilities, where it will sit until it decays into stable nickel.

In 1987, the United States Food and Drug Administration gave clearance of its acceptance of irradiation as an insecticidal agent for quarantine of fruits and vegetables. This was the springboard for many tropical countries to invest in the technology.

Canada is world renowned for its gamma irradiation technology, which is the best method for deep penetration of bulky products such as whole fruits and vegetables. This is a great opportunity for Canada, for many countries are turning first to Canada when they investigate the food irradiation option. Furthermore, Canada supplies 80 % of the world's cobalt-60, the main energy source used in gamma processing.

Food irradiation is now a credible option for dealing with problems of food preservation, hygiene and quarantine protection. In some ways it is a preferable alternative to present treatments: it offers consumers the option of food with fewer chemical residues and it enables greater control of dangerous food-borne diseases. Tropical countries have much to gain by buying and using the technology to enhance their food exports and to increase the safety of (and reduce spoilage in) their domestic food supply, and Canada has a significant opportunity to benefit from the commercialization of this technology. It will take a team effort, with strong commitment from several federal government departments, to reap rewards of fast-rising global demands.

U. of T. RECYCLES PAPER



DO
YOU ?

CONTACT
U. OF T. ENVIRONMENTALIST COUNCIL

U of T Green Party

Will hold a meeting
Wednesday, October 10

7:30 p.m.

In the Meeting Room at
Hart House

Anyone may attend,
member or not.

Free.



To Buy Or Not To Buy?

Brian Roche

To buy a MUG or to not buy a MUG? That, all too often, is the question. Here's the scenario. . . You walk out of class thinking to yourself, "Hey, I wanna coffee". So you march to the nearest cafeteria and expect to buy one, right?

Wrong!! Along the way you pass a table of environmental do-gooders from UTEC. What the hell is UTEC (or was that UTES)? Upon closer examination it is learned that it is indeed UTEC, and that it stands for the University of Toronto Environmentalist Coalition. What are they doing here? Selling mugs! What are they doing that for? So, you ask them. . . They answer that it helps cut down on styrofoam and paper cup usage. What's wrong with a little styrofoam or paper (i.e., why buy a mug)? They instantly launch into a tirade against the evils of the disposable society. Look, all I wanted was a coffee (you plea). . .

They answer, 10,000 disposable cups are used every single day at U of T. This amounts to an awful amount of garbage for landfill at the end of one year. . . You interrupt. Hey, I thought we were running out of landfill (good thing you watched the news last night). They answer. Yes, landfill sites are filling up really fast, so why add to it? BUY A MUG. Besides, with a mug you get

discounts all over campus on coffee and tea.

Hey, what a deal! Okay! So you are won over. These UTEC people are doing some good after all. How much are the mugs? Four bucks! Wow, don't you think that is a little high? (Here comes the "to buy or not to buy" part.)

The UTEC rep tells you something else. The proceeds go to fund other environmental projects. Good cause! Okay, I'll buy one. Wait! All I have (horror of horrors) are three loonies. What now? The answer - you don't need a UTEC mug to do good for the environment. Why not buy a different one (i.e., Tim-mug) or better yet, bring your own from home. They are just as good for the discounts and the environment. The proceeds, however, don't go to help the CAUSE. The UTEC rep then explains that what really matters is that you change your habits and do your part to try and make this campus disposable-free. Hey (you realize), these people aren't really just after my money.

By now it is time for another class. So much for the coffee! But think of the knowledge you've come away with! Next time you buy a coffee you will be sure it is in a permanent carry-around mug. The change has begun!

For more info about UTEC call 978-7119.

Nuclear Power, Ontario Hydro and Us

Linda Dorian

The nuclear industry touts nuclear energy as clean, safe, reliable, and cheap. Our emerging collective environmental consciousness is being played upon for further support when we are told that nuclear power is the sound environmental energy choice because it doesn't contribute to the greenhouse effect.

Why are we seeing more advertisements that send us these messages? It seems just a bit too coincidental that these ads are more prevalent now that Ontario Hydro has released and is preparing for the public hearing into its 25 Year Demand Supply Plan (DSP) which recommends up to an additional 10 or more nuclear reactors. If nuclear energy is as wonderful as the ads portray, why is Ontario Hydro spending so much money to tell us so and why are events like the "No need for Nuclear" rally taking place?

This summer, members of the U of T Environmental Action Research Group (EARG) obtained a copy of the DSP and as much information on nuclear energy issues as they could. They were trying to establish whether the DSP was something that they could support or would oppose. Before the end of July they had decided that they could not support the report's recommendations for increased nuclear power and were skeptical of the forecasted growth in energy consumption.

So what did EARG members learn about nuclear power that they weren't hearing from Ontario Hydro and the nuclear proponents that caused them to take an anti-nuclear stance?

EARG looked at the health, environmental, social, native, and economic aspects of nuclear energy as well as past accidents, public opinion, the credibility of Ontario Hydro, energy alternatives, and the nuclear energy policies on the international scene. In every category there were strong arguments against nuclear energy and in favour of alternatives.

The DSP forecasts a 50% increase in the demand for energy in Ontario after conservation measures. EARG found sources that stated that some European countries are predicting flat or declining energy needs.

Conservation is seen as the answer in many countries. Ontario Hydro is criticized for not dedicating enough resources to conservation. They are accused of depicting conservation as equivalent to deprivation rather than advocating energy efficiency. The Nuclear Awareness Project claims that if we were as energy efficient as West Germany, Austria, Denmark, or the Netherlands, we could close down all of Ontario's nuclear power plants. If we were as efficient as France or Japan, we could shut down most of the coal plants as well.

Concern about nuclear safety has influenced energy planning in a number of countries. Sweden, Austria and Italy have decided to phase out nuclear power. Australia and New Zealand have non-nuclear policies. After Chernobyl, the USSR halted nuclear expansion. A Greenpeace spokesperson states that Ontario Hydro is the only North American utility seriously proposing the construction of new nuclear reactors.

Putting aside the possibility of a nuclear accident of the magnitude of Three Mile Island or Chernobyl, the health risks associated with nuclear energy production from the exposure to radiation were alarming to EARG. This exposure can come from not only the nuclear power installations but the uranium mines and the waste products from mines and reactors. The issues associated with uranium mining do not seem to be addressed in the DSP except to say that we have deposits to meet the needs of the nuclear industry.

When evaluating the risk of nuclear power, analysts have taken into account only fatal cancers and severe offspring malformations. Less severe health effects were ignored. The Canadian Government is not carrying out base line health studies or epidemiological studies to find out whether Canada will experience radiation induced cancers (as a result of the Canadian nuclear industry), even though:

- *Uranium miners suffer lung cancer at a rate of almost double the average for Canadians.

- *Incidences of childhood leukemia, in newborns, were unusually high in communities which were located near nuclear facilities, mines, and reactors.

- *Nuclear workers exposed to small amounts of radiation before they conceive children are 6-8 times more likely to produce leukemic children.

- *There is an abnormally high rate of miscarriages and birth defects around nuclear reactors.

Despite evidence that ionizing radiation is 8 to 14 times more dangerous than previously thought, the Atomic Energy Control Board (ECB) has lagged behind other countries in tightening its standards for radiation exposure. The International Commission on Radiological Protection states that Canadian radiation limits for the general public are 5 to 20 times higher than those of other western countries. There are no limits on the radioactive radon emitted from uranium mines, mills, and mill tailings.

In addition to the risks associated with the mining of uranium and the operation of nuclear plants, there are concerns about the wastes from these processes.

- *There are no proven safe means of disposal for high-level nuclear waste.

- *Each reactor at the Pickering station generates about a quarter tonne of high-level waste each day.

- *Over 100 million tonnes of tailings have been dumped onto the Serpent River watershed in the Elliot Lake area. These tailings contain over 85% of the radioactivity present in the original ore as well as toxic chemicals.

One of the main criteria that Ontario Hydro used in its analysis of alternatives was cost. The stated cost of implementing the plans recommendations is \$61 billion (not including interest payments) and would represent one of the largest public expenditures in Canada's history. The Independent Power Producers' Society of Ontario estimates that the final bill will be in the neighbourhood of \$200 billion, or \$100,000 per Ontario household.

Other facts that EARG found significant.

- *Replacement of all coal-fired electricity with nuclear power would only reduce CO2 emissions by 10%.

- *Public support for nuclear power dropped from 46% in the late 70's to 16% in the late 80's.

- *Nuclear power has been heavily subsidized. Dollar for dollar, it could

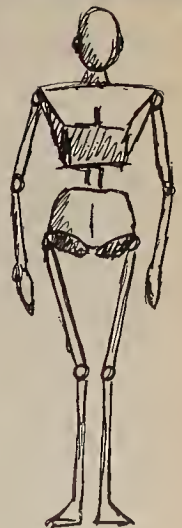
never compete with efficiency and alternative power sources.

- *In discussions with members of other community groups, individuals related their experiences of being threatened to keep quiet about their knowledge of nuclear mishaps and missing plutonium, events that have already occurred in Ontario.

- *Effects of radiation are hotly debated by the medical and scientific communities of Europe but is rarely discussed in Canada.

Some of the facts that EARG gathered are presented in this article because of that group's strong feeling that U of T students should be aware of the arguments against nuclear power. Sources for the information presented can be obtained from EARG. This article does not attempt to present the pro-nuclear arguments.

If you would like to see a copy of the DSP fact sheet, drop by the OPIRG office at 255 Spadina. The Nuclear Power Booklet which is available from the Darlington Nuclear Awareness Project for \$2 examines a variety of issues. Pollution Probe, Energy Probe, and Green Peace have been active in opposing nuclear energy and have published information for the public.



It's Not That Easy Being Green

Jackie Gilthooley

Kermit, rest his soul, could have told you.

Most of us would like to be environmentally friendly. Unfortunately, as anyone who has tried can tell you, to actually implement a decision to be "green" is more difficult than feeling affection for Brian Mulroney.

You fill up your Blue Box, refuse plastic bags (when you remember), carry your plastic mug around... and you know it's not really good enough. Every day, you see the world is still going straight to hell.

What's worse, when you look for guidance you find the media -- even "green" books and magazines -- are full of such contradictory advice that they're more confusing than Chem 135, or maybe tax law.

Small wonder, then, that many of us drive ourselves to near frenzy worrying about all of the problems to which we know we're contributing, until some of us just give up trying. You can't even turn on the t.v. to watch David Suzuki without contributing to global warming! What's a poor greenie to do?

Let's face it: to be "green" involves self-imposed behavioural changes -- changes against which all the inertia of government and business and society stands. Sure, the tides are turning, but the process is r-e-a-l-l-y s-l-o-w. The odds are, quite realistically, against us.

That's why it is crucial to the environmental movement's success that everyone who wants to be a part of it understand one thing: *You don't have to change the whole world all by yourself.* You need only to deal with your own personal attitudes and behaviour. That in itself is dauntingly difficult; ask anyone who's ever been on a weight-loss program.

Too many environmentalists trudge along with the gloomy conviction that the burdens of the planet rest on their shoulders; their's alone and nobody else's.

Wrong. You can call yourself an environmentalist if you want to. You don't have to take it in school. You don't have to give your last dollar to Greenpeace or Earth First! or anyone else. You don't have to yell at your roommate for bringing home a box of Chicklets in a plastic bag. You just have to make a personal commitment to The Cause.

And this commitment, by the way, does not necessarily involve

complete and instantaneous conversion. You can't do it anyway, not all at once. The trick is, as with any kind of behavioural change, to modify your lifestyle one thing at a time.

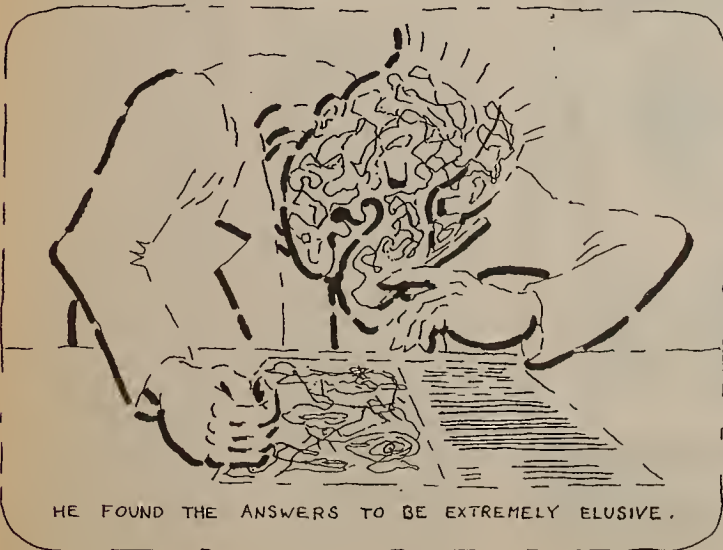
Pick an issue that really bothers you. Learn about it as well as you can. And work on changing what you can in that department, and just forget about the rest. Once you've got it down, then you go to step two, whatever that may be. Say, for example, that household toxics are your thing. You look at the cleaners in your cupboard, find out what the alternatives are, and then figure out where to get them and how to use them. Maybe it takes more time than it used to, or maybe the alternatives cost you more than the poisons you used to use. So while you re-arrange your budget and your lifestyle to accommodate the new stuff, maybe you learn that you can't afford a low-flow shower head, or you don't have the time to suddenly stop eating a McDonald's. Don't worry about it! You'll get there, in time.

Naturally, you don't have to stop Blue Boxing because you're working on cleaners this month (don't get too literal). You also need to remember the urgency of the global situation; you don't exactly have forever to make changes. But you must tell yourself that it's OKAY not to be doing it all at once, and that by seriously changing one aspect of your life, you are in fact doing more than most people. (Unless, of course, you stop at that one thing -- but you won't stop at one, will you?)

A guy who's been a couch potato for ten years is not going to jump out of bed one day and sprint up the CN Tower stairs. Even if he doesn't have a stroke, he won't get to the top. And he'd be an idiot for trying. If the same guy just walked around the block one day, and kept doing it, and then later maybe took up tennis, but didn't stop walking... well, if he kept going he'd eventually be in pretty good shape.

If we take the same approach in our concern for the planet's welfare, we've a much better chance of achieving long-term goals, and we won't be remembered as a flash-in-the-pan by future inhabitants of a dead planet.

Consider this: one of the most devoted environmentalists I know is a pack-a-day smoker. She's working on it.



The Environmental Action Research Group

Linda Dorian

By now many of you will have seen the slick advertisements put out by the nuclear power industry to assure us that nuclear energy is clean and safe. Probably fewer of us are aware that on Labour Day weekend there was a "No Need for Nuclear" rally held at Queens Park to protest the recommendations of the Ontario Hydro 25 year Demand Supply Plan (DSP), to build up to 10-15 more nuclear reactors in Ontario. Members of the U of T Environmental Action Research Group (EARG), a branch of OPIRG, attended this rally to support the call to stop nuclear expansion and to collect signatures on a petition that makes the same demand.

Earlier this summer, EARG members set out to become more informed about the issues in the nuclear power debate. Their goal was to determine whether nuclear energy should be a topic that the group address and if so, how? Members of EARG were surprised by the amount and the content of the information that they found; so much so, that they decided to actively oppose plans to expand nuclear energy production in Ontario.

When it became clear that a provincial election was soon to be called and the Liberals were predicted to be the winners, EARG members feared that the Petersen pro-nuclear stance (which had previously been anti-nuclear) would ensure approval of Ontario Hydro's DSP and expansion of nuclear energy in the province.

EARG wrote a petition demanding that the DSP not be implemented and stating conditions that must be met before nuclear expansion is seriously considered. The OPIRG quarters at 455 Spadina were sometimes the only occupied offices late at night as

EARG members compiled a fact sheet that highlights the concerns surrounding nuclear energy and specifies alternatives.

Environmental and citizen action groups across the province were contacted to participate in gathering signatures and raising awareness about the DSP and nuclear energy issues. EARG members, prepared with their fact sheets, did the same by spending many hours gathering signatures on Toronto streets.

One member commented that gathering signatures was often time consuming work because a lot of discussion takes place if an individual is not familiar with the issues and alternatives. People who were already concerned about the issue were eager to sign and commended EARG members for starting the petition.

You may think that the September 6 election results (that astonished even the NDP) eliminate the need for such a petition. Despite Bob Rae's comments that he opposes nuclear power expansion, EARG is not satisfied. The previous government at one time opposed nuclear power and subsequently changed its mind. OPIRG members have written to Rae to ask for a clear statement of his position regarding the DSP. OPIRG wants to help ensure that the new government and Ontario Hydro clearly hear that citizens are opposed to building more nuclear reactors. Signatures will be gathered until the petition can be presented at the public hearings into the DSP which begin in 1991.

Nuclear energy is not the only issue that EARG will deal with this year. Other items on the agenda include the U of T Green Plan, local environmental concerns, participation in the activities of other groups, and weekly letter writing on specific topics.

Plans are currently under way to

plan a press conference to release the findings of the U of T Green Plan which was prepared by a group of students working under an Environmental Youth Corp grant. The Green Plan makes recommendations that are aimed at minimizing the negative practices at the university. Some of the areas covered by the plan include toxics and hazards, reduction, recycling, food, and energy. Active participation from the entire student body will be sought to support the recommendations of the plan and pressure the administration to implement these recommendations. As the year progresses EARG will monitor the implementation of the plan's recommendations.

Local environmental issues such as the proposed landfill sights in the Rouge Valley and making cycling a more realistic transportation alternative in Toronto are examples of topics that other groups are tackling and EARG is supporting through its participation. In addition to bringing about change in these areas, EARG hopes to contribute to making the environment an issue in next year's municipal elections.

EARG was formerly known as the environment committee of OPIRG and remains a part of that organization. There are other groups within OPIRG that have a different primary focus. One of the more widely known is the food group.

EARG meets on Thursday evenings at 6:00 on the second floor of 455 Spadina. OPIRG will be participating in the No Time to Waste rally for peace and the environment on October 20 at Queen's Park and would like to have a large contingent from U of T. If you would like to sign the DSP petition, participation in the No Time to Waste rally, or are interested in more information about EARG or OPIRG, attend a meeting or phone their office at 598-2199.



ARTS

The Gods' Chosen People

Loretta Johnson

The city of Linoriagua is situated on a bare cliff, overlooking the sea. It stands between six pillars, three to the north and three to the south. They are made of bright yellow metal which is not gold. To the east of Linoriagua is jungle and to the west, sea.

The city was built to honor the Gods who visited the cliff many years ago, when our parents' parents were still young. They left the pillars to guard us, the Linori, their chosen people. Linoriagua was built soon after the Gods' departure and it rivals both Tenochtitlan and Cuzco. It is built of white stone, for the colour of the Gods' skin; gold for the pillars and for the corn given to us; and blue stone, for the sky where the Gods came from.

Linoriagua is a terraced city, each level containing its own water system and gardens. Ponds and streams run throughout the city and a waterfall washes all the sewage into the sea. The houses and bridges are built of white stone and the avenues of blue. Gold is inlaid in the stone in the forms of flowers and animals from the jungle. Four stone gates stand in the wall around the city, facing each of the four directions. Inlaid in all of the gates is a picture of one of our Gods.

Linoriagua is a small city, populated by people of science, art and religion. The gates always stand open. It is quiet most of the year except for the week in which the pilgrims visit.

The pillars guard us. When storms from the sea threaten to damage our gardens, sky-fire leaps from the southern pillars to the north and from the northern pillars to the south, forming protective arches over our city through which the winds cannot blow. If nomads attempt to steal from our city, the pillars again produce the arches of sky-fire and the nomads run in fear.

We are a strong and long-lived people with beautiful coffee skin and thick black hair. Our children are rarely born crippled or deformed. We are truly the Gods' chosen people, and they protect us.

The pilgrims have not come. Fires burn in the jungle and the animals are running further south. Every day the sun must rise through a thicker band of smoke and every day the smoke is closer. Our scouts have not returned. Last night, sky-fire danced across the pillars north to south and south to north forming blue-white arches over the city. It is proof that our Gods will protect us.

Faint thunder roared from the east, but the sky was cloudless.

Today the thunder is closer, louder since the birds have flown away and the jungle holds a silence like death. Our children sing in high voices to break the silence. One man lost faith and threw himself over the cliff.

Others had to climb down to retrieve the body before the sea swallowed it. Although none have slept soundly since the fires began, we know that our Gods will prevail. For we are the Linori, the Gods' chosen people. They protect us.

The white stone gates are closed, the gold symbols of the Gods sealed. We travel briefly into the jungle to harvest all the ripe foods we can find, climbing over the locked gates with ladders. Never before have the gates been closed so, but never before have we been threatened by such a dank feeling of fear and oppression. The very air seems to crackle with energy like the sky before a powerful storm. We squat in our homes, peering out the doors at one another, down the streets, up at the sky. But we pray to our Gods aloud for though we fear the silence, we have more faith in our Gods than in it.

The sun sets like blood in the sea and the moon rises. The thunder roars now, bringing the sharp scent of smoke with it. The wind picks up and whips through the city, breaking the trees we've planted and tearing up the flowers and ferns. Smoke curls along the avenues.

A great force strikes the eastern gate, rocking it, causing the whole city to vibrate. The sky-fire of our Gods dances between the pillars and over the city in response. The ground shakes but we remain in our homes; the Gods would not allow their city to be destroyed.

The thunder is deafening. It throbs in time to the God-like force that strikes at our walls. The sky-fire overhead crackles and snaps like an angry snake. The noise drowns out our prayers. A child runs from her house and is tossed into the air, dashed against the street, dragged along, leaving a red smear on the blue stone. Others rush out unable to stop themselves and soon the houses and streets are spattered red.

The stone of the east gate groans and creaks then explodes inwards. The thunder screams in through the city, wrecking the bridges, and bursts out the other three gates. The gods' pillars are torn from their roots. The sky-fire snaps and roars up across the sky and away.

The thunder quiets. The force that tore at the city rumbles to a stop. The shock of what has happened numbs us. We relax our grip on our children and cautiously peek out of our houses.

Something calls to us. We remember the sound from the stories of our parents' parents. A voice that can be heard without our ears, a voice that speaks in our minds....

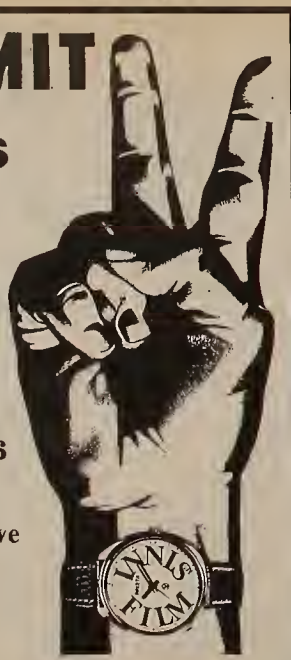
The city of Linoriagua is situated on a bare cliff, overlooking the sea. A clear metal statue stands to the east of the city. The city was built to honor the Gods who visited the cliff. They left the statue to guard us, the Linori, for we are truly the Gods' chosen people. They protect us.

SUBMIT
YOUR FILMS

16mm preferred
deadline for submissions
Oct. 7th

for info
call 978-7790/656-0906

drop off films to room 131
INNIS College 2 Sussex Ave
mon-fri 9-1, 2-5pm



new
undistributed avant-garde

screening Nov. 15 7pm

INNIS
FILM SOCIETY

Ode to an Appetite

O to be a curried dish
Of lamb and peas and maybe fish
Or a tin of anchovies
Which you could eat along with cheese.
In your mouth I'd swim about
Gee I hope I don't fall out
and down onto your grimy floor
I would not make it to the door.
I'm only a fish, remember?

Then again, perhaps I'm not
I could, instead, be a big ink blot
That dribbled out when you wrote a word
And broke the nib 'cause of that sound you heard.
Was it a bang? Who knows! Or a crash? Who cares!
Perhaps it was me, falling down the stairs
And out the door and under a bush
Just like that meatball that turned into mush.
Now wouldn't that be unpleasant?

Or do you think, perchance, that all I am
Is peanut butter with too much jam?
And you some guy with nothing to drink
Who's forced to spit me into the sink.
Then I'd become some glumpy ick
Enough to make a body sick
Until you thought to do the dishes
And then I'd end up with all the fishes.
Which, not surprisingly, is where I began.

Jenny Friedland

The Art of Television (Or Not)

Karen Sumner

What, I would like to know, is so wrong about watching television? Why is it that certain acquaintances of mine simply cannot understand that there is a wealth of information, entertainment (and pure crapola) to be found in this medium, and that it is essential to have at least some awareness of its merits and drawbacks? To be completely ignorant of TV is, I am afraid, to have a hole in one's personality, a void of experience and expression (the things kids learn from TV) that is irritating at best and damned irresponsible at worst. I know, I know -- to some, the fact that television deals mainly in a narrative form is what disqualifies it from serious (or even non-serious) attention. These people find nothing interesting about TV, not even PBS (unless they're showing a documentary about some groovy experimental filmmaker, in which case they may grudgingly watch, despite the fact that the documentary itself is inherently narrative in form). But I am not here to convert or to preach or to convince people of the most triumphant nature of TV, if this fact has sadly escaped them. I am here to speak to those who appreciate those little boxes of light and sound as much as I do. The following is a brief listing of shows worth watching; some because of their utter righteousness, and others because we could not appreciate beauty without ugliness (i.e., they must be seen to be hated). I do not pretend to be an expert, and I do not watch a huge variety of stuff, but I will do my best to be utterly objective and persuade you that the shows I like are the only ones worth watching.

thirtysomething: Most folks are divided over the likeability of this show. I used to be completely uninterested in the likes of Hope (Mel Harris), Michael (Ken Olin), Elliott (Timothy Busfield), Nancy (Patricia Wettig) etc., but have since come round a bit. It's really not all that whiney, and things do happen. Last year's big story was Nancy's breast cancer. Although it was well written and extremely touching (my eyes dampened on occasion), I have to admit that I found this story-line less interesting than others. The best thing about the show is where Michael and Elliot work, what they do (create banal, if not utterly offensive, advertising) and who they work for -- the evil Miles Drentel.

He's not a slime in the J.R. tradition, he's just direct, blunt and cold to the extreme, although intelligent (much like our old pal, Mephistopheles). He's so lacking in warmth and humour that he's the funnest guy on the show. If you think it's boring to have a whole show about whether Hope and Michael should have their new baby circumcised (he's Jewish, she's not), don't watch *thirtysomething*. If you do decide to watch, try to ignore a few things: that Elliott and Nancy's son Ethan is the most depressed and depressing child you'll ever see (I've never seen him smile); that Gary and Suzanne's story is only picked up for about two episodes every year (where is that little baby they had?); that Ellen is the most annoying caricature of a working woman with no personal life, and has a voice that will make you grind your teeth; and that Melissa's head is way to big for her own good (I mean that literally, not figuratively -- she's not conceived, she's just got a big head).

Knott's Landing: Do I watch this show? Indeed, I do. In fact, I remember the first season (was it '80 or '81?), and details from most years thereafter. Recently, *Knott's* has gone somewhat down hill. I was never a big Abby (Donna Mills) fan, but her departure left a hole in the show that has been clumsily and shoddily filled by Ann (Michelle Phillips, of the *Mama's and the Papa's*). At least Abby was good at being Abby; Ann's not good at anything. Other major losses to the show are the departures of Olivia (the valley girl we grew up with) and her hunky Italian husband/ex-Mafia dude, Harold. Harold was the token working class character (unless you count Mack, but he's come pretty far from those old days), and so he filled some pretty important sweatpants. Last season we lost Ted (Robert Desiderio) and gained Tom (Tom Gian), and I'm not sure it was a fair trade. As much as I like Tom (his soft voice is, paradoxically, extremely masculine and sexy), he lacks the energy and intensity of Ted, perhaps because Tom can easily fall back on his good looks the way Ted never could. Best thing about *Knott's*: Well, two things really -- Paige (Nicolette Sheridan) and Greg (William Devane). They each contain a mixture of sex, sauciness, intelligence, energy and stubbornness (perhaps in different mixtures), and, I am certain, belong together forever, preferably in bed. Sure, Paige and Tom make an

If Garry Shandling Went to my Synagogue ...

Jenny Friedland

Yom Kippur. The Day of Atonement. A time to reflect on any mean and nasty, selfish and/or ogre-like tendencies that I may have exhibited over the past year; to ask for forgiveness, and hopefully, if all goes well, to receive the blessing of life for the coming year. Since I am normally quite a good girl I never have a full day's worth of atoning to perform and so, for me, Yom Kippur also becomes an opportunity to look for a nice Jewish boy. My Mother usually helps out with this by diplomatically rearranging our family's seats until I end up beside somebody's son who she knows must be a good find by virtue of the fact that he's somebody's son and "the apple never falls far from the tree," she explains. And then Grandma, with her tendency to grab me by the arm and yell "Oy, she's so beautiful!" really loudly, because she misplaced her hearing aid somewhere in between the chopped liver and the chicken soup, forces him, along with everybody else's sons, to take a closer gander.

This year, however, most of the hunky guys were too interested in the Blue Jay / Red Sox scores to take much notice of any foxy Jewish babes like me and so I spent much of my time playing a little game of my Mother's called "spot the people that look like *Knott's Landing* characters." We found a lot of people that looked like Ann, which is pretty unnatural for a Jewish woman, and no Mack MacKenzie. Anyway, the nice Jewish guy that I was really hoping to meet was Garry

Shandling who, as we all know, was in town last weekend for a show at Roy Thompson Hall. The way I figured it, Shandling would have come to Toronto a few days early and, being a fine upstanding member of the Jewish community, he would have gone to services somewhere and why not to my synagogue since it's where all the cool Jews go and he, and his hair, would have fit right in.

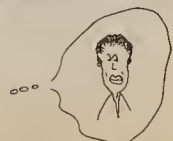
But this wasn't just a synagogue fantasy. A few days earlier I had tried to get an interview with him but was told by his publicist that it was too late and that Garry wasn't doing any interviews that wouldn't come out before the show. I thought that this was probably a lie and that the real reason was because I wrote for a lowly U of T newspaper but then the publicist told me that he used to write for *The Varsity*, before the newspaper came along, and I told him that I wrote for the *Herald*, which was far loftier than either of those rags, and he thought that was funny but informed me that even *The Toronto Star* couldn't get an interview at such a late date. That was probably supposed to make me feel better but really, why would?

The truth is that I had this whole scenario worked out in which he and I would go to dinner and I'd begin the interview with personal questions like age and marital status and if he told me he was married I'd end the interview. But since it's common knowledge that he isn't married I knew the interview would continue and eventually he'd become completely charmed by my witty ways and that little trick I do with the

soup spoon and then I'd slip the fact that I was Jewish into the conversation and before you knew it he'd be stomping on the wine glass and my Grandma would be in tears.

Needless to say, this didn't come to pass and, to make matters worse, my shrink will for sure want to discuss these extended fantasies of mine. But I went to the show anyway and Garry looked about as sexy as a guy with big hair and bigger lips can look and I entertained really brief fantasies about rushing the stage, but I think I'll save that behaviour for when I live out my pedophilic fantasy at the New Kids on the Block concert. My only compensation through all of this was that he appears somewhat shorter live than on TV and so maybe he's not really dating material. And yet my Mother says I could do worse than marrying a short guy because what do I need tall children for? And, God knows, my Mother is probably right.

I suppose another thwarted fantasy can't really harm me any further. Besides, there's always Passover. Maybe I could invite him to our seder and once he's there Grandma could grab him by the arm and yell "Oy, he's funny!" and Dad could show him my dowry.



"ideal" couple, which is exactly why they are less interesting together than the Paige/Greg combo. If Greg dies this year, I'm off -- unless Paige is left at the helm of SummerGroup, which might be interesting. If it were two years ago or even the beginning of last year, I would recommend *Knott's* extremely highly. If it's not always "intelligent" (whatever that means), it at least uses the "soap" genre to some interesting ends (lots of visual symbolism). I'm not sure about this year yet; it's good that Gary's finally doing more than shovelling manure, but the Karen (Michelle Lee) and Jeff (Chris Lemmon, son of Jack) thing is really boring (unless, again, they end up in bed; sex has such a redeeming quality). Recommended with reservations: the good stuff is really good, but the bad is the baddest.

Twin Peaks: It was inevitable that I would have to mention this show, if only because you can't pick up any magazine without pictures of the stars or "in-depth" analyses of the segments jumping out at you. The photos I appreciate (TP has the dishiest cast on prime-time television) but all the discussion and interpretation has got to stop. If I hear any more jokes about coffee and donuts I'll go nuts, even though I like the show. Some episodes last year were not so great, while others really stood out, such as the first one directed by Lynch and the one later on, with all the Tibetan stuff and the appearance of the forensics expert. As I write, this year's first episode has not yet played, and enough has been said about last year. Let me just add this: Who cares who killed Laura Palmer? Is that really why we're all watching? I think not. It doesn't really matter to me whether the question is ever fully answered, not because death is unimportant but because Lynch et al. at least realize that other things are more important. My only hopes for this season are that nothing bad happen to Dr Jacob (what a sweetie) and that that dreamboat Audrey doesn't have to sleep with her dad instead of her secret agent man.

Hunter: I only used to watch this to see how well Dee Dee's (Stephanie Kramer) make-up stayed glued to her pretty face through thick and thin, and because Fred Dryer wore tight jeans. Now he's got a new partner and wears "slacks," so who cares?

Doogie Howser, M.D.: I don't get it. What happens when the Doogster grows up and the entire premise for the show disappears? Hopefully the show will too. I would watch an entire episode if it featured Steven Bochco getting admitted into Doogie General with rabies, and getting those fourteen needles right into his stomach. Otherwise, Doogman's on his own.

Arsenio Hall: I used to watch Arsenio occasionally because he had good guests, but it turns out that no matter what the quality of the personality gracing the show, the calibre of the conversation is pathetic. I'm not looking for the revelation of some universal truth, just a little repartee between two



reasonably intelligent persons. But since one of the two is always Arsenio, this model is an impossibility. Why does he always have to ask such stupid, embarrassing questions? His current fave (unless I'm a little out of date) is how/where his guest lost his/her virginity, or at least who they're sleeping with and what they most like to do in bed. Of course, he doesn't ask this of all his guests, just the ones who are young (Christian Slater), have a reputation of bimboism (Vanna White) or have a sex-symbol rep (Madonna). He doesn't dare do this with older, more serious or established stars. I've come to the conclusion that, at least on the show, Arsenio's the biggest bimbo of them all.

The Tonight Show: Who cares? Johnny's boring, his guests are boring (or at least when they're interesting people, they get boring on his show) and his guest host Jay

Leno is boring. The only exceptions to the boring rule are some comedians, such as Steve Martin, Charles Grodin and -- especially -- Garry Shandling, who was really funny last time I saw him. Only one notable exception to the boring rule: Jeff Goldblum, who hasn't got a boring bone in his body. It's Johnny that makes the show turn into a yawn-fest and many notable guests turn into blobs. I like Ed.

Late Night with David Letterman: I hate to be repetitive, but it's not my fault if Dave's boring too. There is generally better conversation and there are better weird moments on Letterman than the other talk shows I've mentioned, but I just find that Dave is so predictable in his humour. It is a common accusation that Letterman is often mean to his guests. In response, the hip Dave-followers just smile and say, yeah so what, it's funny. That's all very well if the guest has the presence of mind to protect his or herself (such as Cher), but when he made fun of Mr T and got the audience to join in with him, without T understanding that they were definitely laughing at him and that it was not in a spirit of love and fun, well it was really disgusting. Dave feels strong so long as his audience will back him up no matter what, and the fact is they will. The same thing happened when Cordelia Guest was on the show. She had just been named "debutante of the year", and sure we may find that silly and hate her privileged California lifestyle, but when it became clear that the only reason Dave had her on was to ridicule her and her "achievement", it was pretty pathetic. Letterman gets some good guests and some good interviews, but he's a cheap comic with a repertoire of thin material.

Jeopardy!: I couldn't end on a sour note, so here's just a little reminder of the show that's a long time stand-by. Alex, with your B.A. in philosophy and your thick curly locks, we still like you even though you've become Mr Westcoat. You're slick now, but we remember the fat bow-ties and frilly shirts. Get out of that Armani and come on home.

A Good Christian Boy

Nancy Friedland

Nineties: the decade of despair? Yo, Homeboy, I think not.

As I pass through the glittering twilight of my teenage years, I look to the next generation of awkward adolescents to see who shall succeed me in my reign over pimplydom. After thoroughly enjoying Alan Moyle's most triumphant flick, *Pump Up The Volume*, I find new hope for those unfortunate enough to find themselves growing up in the "decade of despair".

In the movie, Christian Slater (*sigh*) plays a painfully shy Arizona highschool student who channels all of the usual hormonal teen angst into a pirate radio station of his own creation. This d.j. adds his own flavour of nineties-style cynicism and "so be it'ism", thus becoming a powerful savior for dejected highschool students everywhere. As if that weren't enough, he also happens to have the most magnificent set of abdominal muscles; unsurpassed by any member of the New Kids. Even Donny. Christian Slater is my kinda hero.

I have often thought of highschool as the place where you go between the ages of thirteen and nineteen in order that you might become some kind of real human being. Or not. But before the caterpillar can emerge triumphantly as the beautiful butterfly it has to do some serious time in that cocoon. This time is destined to be ugly. That is understood. But living in the decade of despair as we do, people seem to be predicting that the teens of the nineties will have an even uglier adolescence (is it possible) than those that have preceded them. I beg to differ.

In *Pump Up The Volume* Slater's character states that we are living in "a totally exhausted decade where there's nothing to look forward to and no one to look up to." Not so Christian, honey, for we have you. And if you are representative of the nineties hero, then we are fortunate, for today's pubescents have much more constructive icons than my generation did.

Christian's character promotes notions of truth, confides in his readers about the universality of alienation and loneliness and he eventually inspires his listeners to act out for everyone's right to a proper education. And he's gay positive.

Let us compare this demi-god of truth and justice to, say, Sean Penn's role as Jeff Spicoli, surfer dude extraordinaire, in the popular eighties movie *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. Who can forget that arresting performance in Mr Hand's history class when Jeff orders a pizza? One of the dramatic triumphs of the eighties. Bravo Sean! An excellent example of what every student should aspire to.

Or look to the seventies. Was Olivia Newton John any kind of role model for young women? That kind of sexual liberation just doesn't inspire one to break into song these days. "You better shape up, up, up -cause I need a man!" Yeah!

We can even compare the college films of the eighties and the nineties in an attempt to establish just what kind of decade we are into. Now, I never saw *Animal House* but I think I have a pretty good idea what that was all about. A lot of men drinking beer and saying fuck a lot. True, they did say fuck in *Flaniners* more than your average bear would tend to use the word, and we did get a gander at Julia Roberts' beezum - however, they were brilliant medical students and it was all for the benefit of science, I assure you.

All in all, when you compare today's teens to those of the eighties we can conclude that it is possible that our despair, our cynicism and our dark brooding pessimism that everyone is always associating with our generation is paying off. With any luck the teens of the nineties could produce thoughtful, intelligent, non-complacent surfer dudes who will become tomorrow's leaders. Or I could be kidding myself about the whole thing. One thing I do know - when you get right down to it, there's one thing the nineties have which no other generation before it had: Christian Slater's sensational abdominal muscles.



Good Fellas and Good Food

Sean Fisher

We've seen gangsters in hundreds of comedies, dramas and epics since the beginning of narrative film. It seems that the horror and glamour that surrounds them is endlessly fascinating. But as fascinating as gangsters are to watch on screen, a new angle to watch them from is welcome. So before the next installment of the *Godfather* comes out, and before *Miller's Crossing* arrives, Martin Scorsese is offering a fresh approach to the gangster film with *GoodFellas*.

The film follows the true story of gangster - turned - federal - witness Henry Hill, who spent thirty years connected with the Mafia. The story of Henry Hill (Ray Liotta) is not the only focus of the film; it is what Henry observes in the rules and daily habits of gangsters. To Scorsese, it is as interesting to show how many onions a gangster puts in his pasta sauce as it is to show the gangster himself.

Henry is only half Italian, so he is always a bit of an outsider with the "Family" with whom he is involved. In a way, he never stops being the enthralled thirteen year old watching

the gangsters in the pizzeria across the street from his bedroom window. He is closest to the other outsiders: His mentor, Jimmy Conway (Robert De Niro) and his partner in crime, Tommy (Joe Pesci).

At the same time, he is involved enough to learn all the ins and outs of life in the Mafia. Henry explains all the rules: "Saturday nights were for wives, but Fridays were for girlfriends at the Copacabana." We learn everything about these people: how they dress, how they decorate their houses, or how wives deal with the FBI when they have a search warrant. He even explains how they cook, including an excellent tip on how to cut garlic so it dissolves in the pan. And there are important rules that nobody should forget: "Never rat on your friends, and always keep your mouth shut."

Although Henry thinks it is all glamorous, Scorsese penetrates every triviality and exposes its ugliness. We get a close look at the Mafia wives at a party from the point of view of Henry's wife Karen (Lorraine Bracco). In a voice-over she remarks on how beaten up they look, how they wear too much

make-up, and how they casually discuss beating up their children. The voice-over gets a lot of help from Scorsese's camera, which reveals everything.

There is a lot of attention given to acts of violence in this film (nothing foreign to Scorsese). To "wise guys" it's just another one of the rules of life. Violence is a part of the job. If people stand in your way, kill them. If they tell the FBI something, they are killed. It becomes normal, and usually the killers are the victims' best friends. Scorsese will freeze on an act of violence, show it in slow motion, or repeat it so that it is emphasized. He makes sure we take a good look at what happened so we can decide how "normal" it is.

Not everything Scorsese does in this film is new, but it is a different approach. Henry Hill's voice-over constantly whispers in your ear to explain to you, in a knowing voice, what exactly is happening on the screen. It all seems to shed a bit more light on any gangster film, old or new. And speaking of old gangster films, look for an homage to Edwin S. Porter's *Great Train Robbery* in the last sequence.

Let's make Blues-tiful Music

Trevor Balla

Blues. What is it? Aerosmith singing "Dude Looks Like a Lady"? Not even close. If you look in your everyday encyclopaedia, it will say "blues are a kind of music that developed in America from the various musical expressions of blacks who came to the new world as slaves in the 1600's." Sure, this definition is correct to some extent, but to put it in your own words shows that you have a grasp of the blues. For example, my definition is "sitting down in the dark with a cool lemonade, listening to the blues and letting your thoughts go wild." This statement, in my opinion, is correct but it may be a complete contradiction to another person's theory about the blues. The best thing to do is to try out some of the following recommendations and draw your own conclusions.

1. Big Bill Broonzy, *Big Bill's Blues*. I personally believe he is the greatest bluesman ever. This album is an anthology of his great work. His soulful vocals could wake up the dead, even Ernest Hemingway. All of the songs have that classic blues sound, right down to the crackling and popping. You haven't lived until you've heard this one. Favourite cut: "Trucking Little Woman". Rating: A+

2. Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, *Standing My Ground*. This album is hard to describe because it incorporates many different musical styles. Yet, Brown manages to mold them together and make it work. Blues, swing, jazz and cajun have never been heard quite like this before. Favourite cut: "Louisiana Zydeco". Rating: B+

3. Buddy Guy, *I Was Walking Through the Woods*. When this album was recorded in 1960, it was very innovative. Even though it has the trademark blues sound, it has enough funk thrown in to make this an unique album. The stimulating guitar work and the powerful voice of Guy give an added dimension to this album. Favourite cut: "Stone Crazy". Rating: A

4. John Lee Hooker, *The Healer*. This man is a living legend; his reputation stands for itself. Helping him out on this release are Santana, Bonnie Raitt, Robert Cray, Canned Heat, Los Lobos, George Thorogood and Charlie Musselwhite. With all this talent it must be good, and it is. Favourite cut: "Rockin Chair". Rating: A

5. Charlie Musselwhite, *Ace of Harps*. There are none finer than Musselwhite in the world of harmonica playing today, and it shows on this record. Surprisingly, there is some decent guitar work from Andrew Jones Jr. A solid

effort from a great harp player. Favourite cut: "Leaving Your Town". Rating: B

6. Jimmy Rogers, *Chicago Bound*. Another name for this album could be "Greats United". Joining the talented Rogers are Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Otis Spann and Willie Dixon. This album can only be described as a great ensemble of some of the best bluesmen ever. Favourite cut: "Money, Marbles and Chalk". Rating: A

7. Little Walter, *The Best Of Little Walter*. This guy was and still is the greatest harmonica player of all time. Even the presence of Muddy Waters, Jimmy Rogers and Willie Dixon can't overshadow the power of his fantastic harp. Favourite cut: "Juke". Rating: A

8. Muddy Waters, *The Chess Box*. This is truly a fantastic anthology of the work of one of the best bluesmen ever. It contains seventy-two songs including a thirty-two page booklet taking you from the beginning to his tragic death. He may be gone but his memory lives. Favourite cuts: All of them. Rating: A+

So there you have it. These are only a few suggestions of many of the great albums out in circulation. Listen when you are happy or sad, but I believe you will find true enjoyment in the blues.



All This And More: Let's Talk About Music

Blitz

Before I really get started on the actual point I'm making, tho, I wanna mention something that I'm sure everyone has noticed by now, namely that art, and the emotions stemming from it, is the product not of creation but of interaction. Art is the relationship between myself (or yourself, or whoever, but barring telepathy I can't feel what you feel, and vice versa, so it's always first person) and a work of art (which is in itself the product of a relationship between the artist and her environment, but let's skip that for now) and therefore obviously subjective. There are no standards because it's an equation with two variables, and one is the sum of my life's experiences, so there's no way you could set up guidelines for it. I mean, Jonathan Richman has been known to sing with great fervor about the beauty of chewing gum wrappers, which most of us would say is definitely not art, but that really means it's not art for us, 'cause it is for him.

Look, lets get abstract and say that we can represent genuine art numerically. Say we have an "Art-o-meter," and "Art" status goes to anything that scores "100" or above. So given the two variables I mentioned (you plus the actual work) we get:

You+Work=100 if it's art.

So even if we could somehow rate art objectively, and having done so we give gum wrappers a score of .5, maybe Richman in that case would get a 95, 'cause he loves them wrappers, so it comes out to 100 and voila! For him it's art.

Of course, this is exactly what people like Jesus or Whitman or Blake are talking about all the time. Just replace "God" or "Kingdom of Heaven" with "Art" (which, to my biased eye, is cool because in my opinion transcendence is the truest task for art) and it's obvious. When Jesus says, "the Kingdom of Heaven is everywhere, but men see it not," or words to that effect, he's saying that very literally: since art/transcendence is a state of mind, anything can qualify as long as it affects you enough. (Go far enough along those lines and Warhol's soup cans start to make a really strange kind of sense. . .)

So okay, so intellectually I'll accept that art can be anything. But it has such a powerful effect on me that my less intellectual parts ain't convinced -- they see the world less rationally and insist that "if I love it so much, everyone else is just being blind or stupid not to love it". Yeah, I know it ain't true, but it's only my reasoning faculties that know it. So I preach. Sorry.

After all that, one starts to wonder

why the fuck anyone would bother to write about art, if it's so subjective. Well, there're several reasons. One is that it's sometimes fun to gaze in at someone's naked biases, even -- or especially -- if you think they're full of shit (which is, for example, exactly why I read The Varsity, and apparently why you people, whoever you are, read my stuff). Another is that if you happen to think somewhat along the same lines as the writer, she can articulate or help clarify stuff you might agree with, but just never have thought through. Finally, a really good writer can, even if momentarily, give you a look into her mind, and make you see why she loves something so much, and anything that can expand one's perception to that degree has gotta be beneficial.

(So having established that nothing I have to say will necessarily mean anything to anyone, I'm gonna do some lecturing.)

The preceding has been discussing art in general. I'd like now to turn to music, and why I find it the strongest and most compelling of the forms of art, which -- I think -- is partly because it is the most abstract form of art.

Look: If nobody painted pictures, landscape would still exist. If nobody wrote poetry, words would still be used. But music has no existence outside of itself, it has no root in the non-artistic world. Yes, nature does have noise aplenty, ranging from the beautiful (as I see it), such as birdsong, to ugly, such as cars driving by. But music is more than noise. For one thing, rhythm as music understands it is totally lacking, as is melody or (especially) harmony. Music is something entirely from the mind of Woman, which in my opinion again is the holiest thing there is.

I don't wanna get all mystical on you, so change "holy" to "good" if you want. Look, an animal cannot be good or bad, just or unjust, because it is not sentient and cannot make decisions with the degree of rationality that we can: it does not have what we would call free will. The idea of justice or virtue implies that you choose to do the right thing -- that is, that given the power to choose "good" or "evil", you choose good. According to the Christians, that's why God gave us free will, so we could gain virtue by choosing to serve Him, rather than robotically having to. There can be no "I-Thou" relationship (to use Buber's term) without there being an "I", and to be an "I" means you're separate from and independent of the "Thou". And therefore, since music is a creation of the mind of Man, in my eyes it is the holiest of arts. Does that make sense to you?

Having gone from art to music, I'd

like to narrow the focus a bit more to what I call "rock" music, which is a hard term to define, encompassing as it does styles as diverse as psychedelia, hardcore, rock and roll, and (unfortunately) Phil Collins. People have tried to define rock, and most have failed, so I'm not even gonna attempt to. I do think that the key to it is the beat though: there is an approach to rhythm throughout all of rock that is subtly or not-so-subtly different from any other form of music I've heard.

Within the rock world, of course, there's this weird viewpoint that has warped and stunted it to a larger or smaller degree since its start, namely the idea of rockers being musical primitives who hate their parents. Rock is the genre with the least amount of respect for its predecessors, and with the least respect for itself. Maybe it's because it was condemned so strongly as mindless trash in the start that rockers started not just to believe that maybe it actually was, but to revel in the rep of being into this trashy stuff. However you look at it, rock musicians by and large seem almost not to regard themselves as musicians: most of them have so little faith in themselves or their music that they accept the implied trashiness label.

Luckily, there have been exceptions, of which All is a notable case. They started as punks, but their attitude has always been that despite the aggression and brutal power of their genre, there was still room for subtlety and grace. Obviously, many of the old aesthetic standards do not work in such new styles as punk, but that does not mean (as too many punk bands have assumed) that therefore any complex level of aesthetics is impossible or unwelcome in this style, but rather that a new aesthetic will have to be constructed, and that it is possible for the new one to have as much depth and beauty as the old. A different beauty, but a beauty nonetheless.

All's new album, *Allroy Saves*, shows them at their peak. Their music is undeniably a child of hardcore, but it is a very sophisticated, very controlled child, and on several songs they flirt with jazz. Lyrically, they have matured considerably: the serious songs show them to have tempered their energy with thought, and to have the courage to avoid clichéd topics or non-committal stances. Not that they're preaching now, but they do allow themselves to more fully articulate just where they stand, and it's pleasant to discover that they are actually quite perceptive. Melodically they are a bit weaker than they have been in the past, but the strong melodies are much more

subtle and complex, more in line with the rest of the band's riffing. This album represents their clearest articulation yet of what they uniquely represent, and the most dedicated commitment to the development of a distinctive aesthetic of anyone this side of Sonic Youth.

And while All do have a unique sound, they share many characteristics of a new wave, or rather new idea, of music emerging from the hardcore and metal scenes. Bands of this style -- the most notable being, in addition to All, Metallica and newer Voivod -- are what I would call cyberpunk music, considering the closeness in worldview they share with science fiction's cyberpunk movement, best illustrated in Gibson's *Neuromancer*, quite possibly one of SF's best, or at least most powerful and aesthetically consistent, novels of the last twenty years.

The cyberpunks on the musical side see themselves, or their music, in essentially mechanical ways, although not with the traditional jerkiness or lack of grace that the "robot" images imply: their vision is of a well-oiled machine in a leather jacket, and at times -- especially in Metallica's music -- it is almost reminiscent of Nietzsche and/or Nazi ideals of purity and strength. Luckily, however, cyberpunk has a too-strongly anarchist leaning to allow this to become overt or even overly suggestive. These bands are frighteningly tight, able to execute the most bizarre of tempo and rhythm changes at the drop of a note, although they make little effort to make the changes "flow" conventionally -- they are instead interested in heightening the attack of the music by making the changes almost computer-like in style. There is a powerful attraction to what would conventionally be called dissonance, although that implies that it is used merely to shock, when I believe that it is more accurate to say that they are attempting -- whether consciously or not -- to show that a new aesthetic means new standards of beauty, standards that those used to the old style cannot appreciate as beauty. To Shakespeare, Rimbald would have appeared as almost unbearably ugly: we see him (at least I do) as beautiful. (Prize! The first person to write in with a 500 word paper on "Why I Do/Do not Find Rimbald Beautiful" wins a *DATE* with Karen or Jenny, your choice, if male or lesbian; or with Steve Gravestock if female or gay!) These bands are exploring new territory; while they may not be perfect they do merit study.

(Of the three bands named, All has the advantage of *not* coming from the metal scene, which gives them a

touch more freedom from clichés, and which ultimately makes them a more satisfying band.)

And on a completely different note. . .

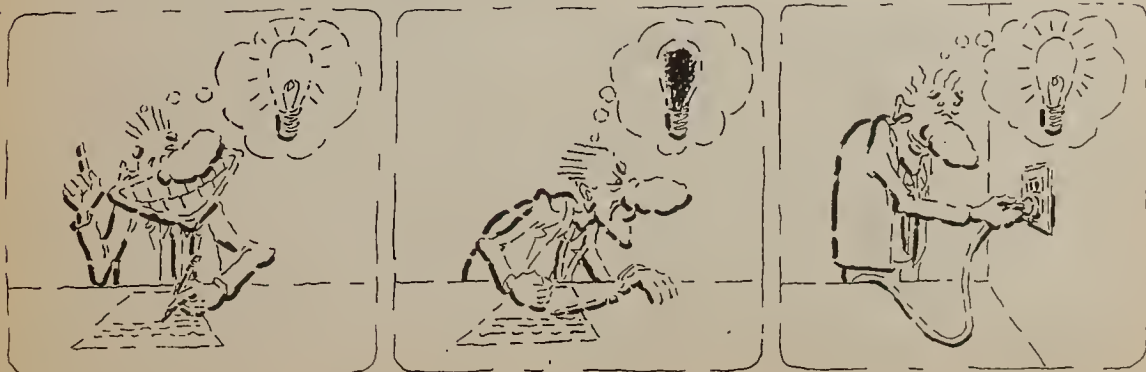
1) The Lemonheads have a new album out called *Lover* and -- I hate to say it -- it ain't so hot. It's not shit, but if you want to hear the true genius of the band you should pick up *Lick* and then *Creator* and then *Hate Your Friends*, their other three albums.

2) 5 Foot Nothing, a local band, have their second tape, *Nuclear*, out and it blazes. The production is cheapo, but their heavily Descendents-inspired songs come through beautifully. If you're into great pop-punk, check it out. (It's at the Record Peddler and maybe other places too.)

3) Jane's Addiction also have a new release, and while I was worried about how they could ever follow up the truly divinely-inspired *Nothing's Shocking*, I have to admit that the new one, *Ritual Le De Habitual*, is great. Not as good, but great in itself. They've got their trademark punk/funk/metal groove down solid, and even show strong Hawkwind influences on the 10:45 minute-long "Three Day". The lyrics are much more abstract than before, but still brilliantly evocative, and Farroll's singing and harmonies are more definitive -- and more original -- than ever before. Check it out.

Oh ya -- someone once asked me why I only review bands I love. Well, there are two reasons. One is simply that anything I review, I purchase myself (ain't no record companies sending new releases to the Herald) and I don't have the money or desire to buy bad albums. Secondly, the occasional bad album I do pick up by accident don't really move me enough to write about them. Look: most of the rock music I listen to is, to the average listener, scary and unknown. What I'm trying to do is get you into the underground, cause that's the only place -- and has been for the past decade -- that truly vital music is being produced. Sure, I could say that the new Suicidal Tendencies album sucks, but that doesn't help you except in a negative way. I'd rather let you know about the people that I feel deserve to be listened to, okay?

Anyway, see ya in a bit.



BACK PAGE

OCTOBER 11
Warren Sonbert in person with his films.
Hall of Mirrors (1966); Friendly Witness (1989)
Presented with the assistance of the Harold Innis Foundation.

OCTOBER 18
New Cinema with New Music: Concerts
"Composing for the Cinema: Bill Gittum in Person"
with a concert from Bruce Elder's Lamentations and Consolations

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24 - EUCLID THEATRE, 8:00 pm
Pleasure Dome Presents American Avant-Garde Film w/
Sandra Davis.

OCTOBER 25
Sandra Davis in person with her films.
Mental Filigree; Matter of Clarity; Architecture of Desire

NOVEMBER 1
Underground films at the Rivoli.
An evening of "underground films" starting the films of Andy Warhol, Jack Smith, and General Malings. With music by The Velvet Underground, The Rugs, John Cale, Steve Reich, Terry Riley and Blue Cheer, among others.
Films include: Warhol's Exploding Plastic Inevitable; Oh, Dem Watermelons (Helen); Chucklin (Ritch); Where Did Our Love Go? (Sonbert); and Kusum Kar Kommandos (Ange). Price: only \$2.00!

NOVEMBER 8
One-Man Show (Complete films of Peter Kubelka): Mosaic Im Vertrauen, Adebau, Schreier, Amul Rainer, Unser Ahnkreis, Pause!

NOVEMBER 15
Short films by Toronto filmmakers. (This show will concentrate of films not in distribution). Filmmakers may submit work (16mm preferred, but we can accommodate super 8) by phoning 696-0006 or 978-7790. DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSIONS: October 7.

NOVEMBER 22, 29 & FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30
The Art Gallery of Ontario and the Innis Film Society present:
The Films of Paul O'Neill.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 7:00 pm, Innis Town Hall
By the Sea; Bump City; 7362, Pure Good; Easy Out, Down
Yard; Longjump.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 7:00 pm, AGO Jackman Hall
Saugua Series; Sidevinder's Delft; Sleeping Dogs (Never Lie); Let's Make a Sandwich; Last of the Parsimmons.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 7:00 pm, AGO Jackman Hall
Water and Power (1985, 80 min., 35 mm)

THE INNIS FILM SOCIETY FALL 1990

Screenings take place on Thursday evenings at 7:00 in the Innis Town Hall, 2 Sussex Avenue (at St. George), unless otherwise noted (there are many exceptions).

Admission to the films is \$3.00 except where otherwise noted

A subscription for the whole series (September through April) may be purchased for \$25.00. The subscription does not allow admission to the Art Gallery of Ontario screenings.

For more information, please call 978-7790

The Innis Film Society appreciates the assistance of the following: the Ontario Arts Council, the Toronto Arts Council, the Innis College Student Society, the Association of Part-Time Undergraduate Students, and our generous private donors.

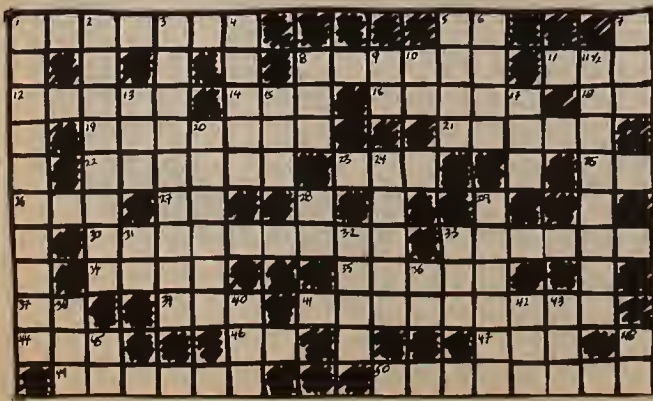


WORD-O-RAMA

ACROSS

1. FORMER PERSONAL FRIEND OF SAMMY DAVIS JR.
5. ITALIAN RIVER VALLEY
8. RAE, WHEN KNIGHTED
11. BOVINE SALUTE
12. BROOHAHA
14. CHARIOT OF THE GODS
16. STANDOFFISH
17. NOT DOWN
19. WHAT SUE PREACHES
21. BRUNO GEAUSS'S NEPHEWS
22. COVETED
23. MORE THAN ONCE
26. "IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO" PART 1.
26. ADAMS OF "GET SMART"

31. I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE ____ (ABBR.)
30. CATASTROPHE
33. CHEESY SEVENTIES DINNER PARTY FAVOURITE
31. HIGH-BROW SCHOOL
35. NOT EARTHLY
31. "IT'S OFF TO WORK WE GO" PART 2.
31. MUCH, SOUTH OF THE BORDER
41. CONTINENTAL JETSET SLACKERBAGS, EL MULLI VANILLA
44. FREDDY'S STREET
46. "ON CANDITION THAT"
47. WHAT GRANDPARENTS TEND TO BE
49. DEPRESSED DONEY
50. FELATIO FOR LUPARET?



Innis College Social events, October 1990

Role-Playing Games - Every Tuesday
Pub Party - October 19
(Cover: \$1 Innis students, \$2 others)

Server Training (for Pubs)
Tuesday October 16, 6-8 p.m.
Simcoe Hall, room 23
Cost: \$10

INNIS FILM SOCIETY

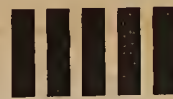
presents

WARREN SONBERT

in person with his films



Thursday, October 11
7:00 pm
Innis Town Hall
2 Sussex Ave.



Hall of Mirrors, 1966, 7 min., colour & b&w, sound, 16mm.

Friendly Witness, 1989, 32 min., colour, sound, 16mm.

Admission: \$3.00; FREE with this poster (or a hand-drawn facsimile thereof)

For more information, phone 978 7790

Presented with the assistance of the Harold Innis Foundation

DOWN

1. WHEN PART STANDS FOR WHOLE
2. NUISANCE
3. SELLECK'S GOLF ACCESSORY, PERHAPS?
4. VERBAL ____ (BAD FUCKIN' LANGUAGE)
5. SUB STANDARD
6. WIND INSTRUMENT
7. ____ ROCK
8. WADE BOGGS' FOOTWEAR
9. EGYPTIAN SUN GOD
10. "THE SWIMMER" SWIMMER'S MONOGRAM
- 11½. WHAT JACOB TWO TWO MIGHT SAY AFTER CATCHING HIS FINGER IN THE BLENDER
13. MOROSE
15. 4 MAN
17. BRINDLE ____
20. OFF COURSE FOR A KNIGHT
24. FEMUR ↔ 24. LEG BONE
28. YIDDISH EXCLAMATION
29. ON THE ____ (NOT NOW)

31. LOCATION PREPOSITION
32. SLIMY CREATURE
33. AHT IN JACK SPARTE'S DIET
36. YES WE HAVE ____ BANANAS
38. EXCLAMATION IN PAMPLONA
40. COMPETE
42. FURRY TV ALIEN
43. REMAN'S STONEWAS ACRONYM
45. I
47. SOUNDS LIKE "E"

